

SPECIAL EXTRA NUMBER—WITH GRATIS PLATE—TWO PENCE.

Ally Sloper's CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

1887.]

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL

[TWO PENCE.]



BOXING-DAY AT ALLY'S.

"At an early hour on Boxing-Day, Poor Papa, with his usual Yule-Tidish and Wassail-Bowlish magnanimity, distributed to the tradesmen of our neighbourhood what is known as 'The Sloper Bounty.' As you all probably know, this Bounty takes a different form each Christmas. Last year, for instance, the festive whelk was generously circulated; this year the succulent sausage was given away with reckless irresponsibility to all who liked to come to Mildew Court."—TOOTSIE.

"THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD."

—General Gordon.

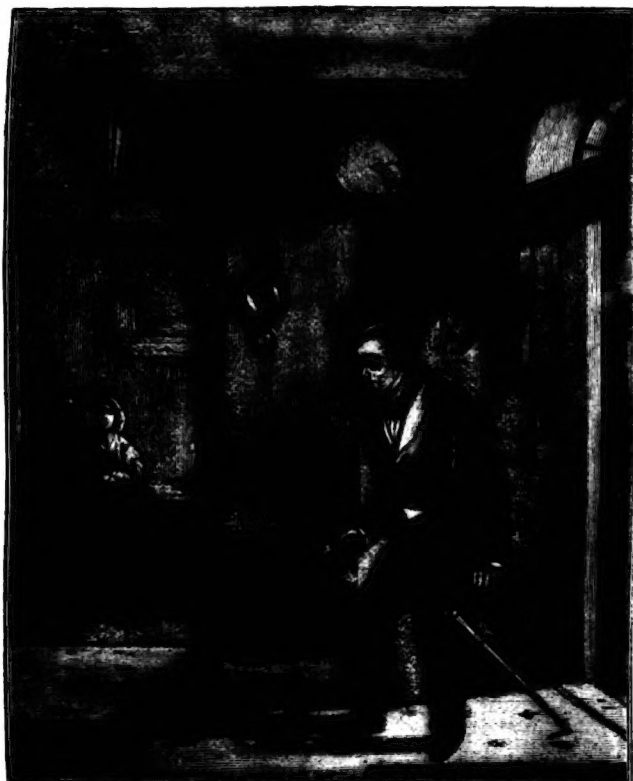
DEPARTED ERRORS.—"Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the Tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL."—Lord Lytton.

AFTER a DAYS PLEASURE use

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" AND ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

"MEN LAUGH AND RIOT TILL THE FEAST IS O'ER,
THEN COMES THE RECKONING, AND THEY LAUGH NO MORE."

"Moderation is the Silken String running through the Pearl Chain of all Virtues."—Bishop Hall.



"HE COMETH IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE."—Shakespeare.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, feverish cold, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, &c., use

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT,"

(And ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO," as occasion may require.)

They are everything you could wish as a simple and natural health-giving agent. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin and whisky largely diluted with soda water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" and ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" are peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; they possess the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and place the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" and ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO"; therefore, no family should ever be without them.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" versus BRANDY.

"There were a few attacks of mild dysentery, brought mainly on by ill-considered devotion to brandy, or biliousness produced by the same cause. For the latter we used to swear by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which is simply invaluable."—See "Coral Lands," Vol. I.

Headache, Disordered Stomach, and Nervous Diseases.
OR A GOUTY RHEUMATIC CONDITION OF THE BLOOD, PRODUCING LIVER DISTURBANCE, LIVER INDIGESTION, BILIARY DISTURBANCE, AND PERSISTING INDIGESTION, USE

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

A short trial will prove ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" to be of the highest excellence as a natural, simple, and painless Tonic Aperient, and in every way as simple as sound Ripe Fruit; should be kept ready for any emergency in headache and disordered stomach, &c., &c.

WANT OF SLEEP, SORROW, ANXIOUS CARE.

Few know the great value of half-a-dozen native oysters (or more, well chewed), with fresh lemon juice and a very small quantity of cayenne pepper, once, twice, or thrice a day; also, when necessary, take one of ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTOS." Both oysters and "VEGETABLE MOTOS" are of the very highest excellence in restoring any functional derangement of the liver or digestive organs; they create a natural and healthy force by natural means. In advanced life they are beyond praise.

WEST INDIES.

"To Mr. J. C. Eno, London.—Please send me a further supply of your 'VEGETABLE MOTO' to the value of the P. O. Order enclosed (eight shillings). The first small parcel received came up fully to what is written of them.—St. Kitts, West Indies, 11th Oct., 1887."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages How to Prevent Disease.

PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.,
BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

DR. ROOKE'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINES

A BOON TO RICH AND POOR ALIKE!
NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT THEM.
FIFTY YEARS OF UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.

DR. ROOKE'S ORIENTAL PILLS

Recommended by SIR HENRY HALFORD, Bart., M.D., formerly President of the Royal College of Physicians, London, as being invaluable for

INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE,
BILIOUS AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,
SICK HEADACHE,

and all affections and irregularities of the Bowels.

NEVER FAIL AS A SPECIAL REMEDY
FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

Composed of the FINEST DRUGS ONLY.

Full Directions for use are

wrapped round each Box

Sold in Boxes at

1/2 and 4/6

each.

DR. ROOKE'S SOLAR ELIXIR

This Medicine is the most powerful Health Restorer and Life-Giver ever recorded in the annals of Medicine. It is a boon to the young, the middle-aged, and the old. It is administered with marvelous effect in the following diseases:—

Pulmonary Consumption, Arterio, Asthma,

Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Gout,

Indigestion, Scoury and Scrofula,

Skin Diseases,

Liver Complaints,

and all Diseases of the Nervous

System, whether arising

from insalubrious climate,

or any other cause.

Sold in Bottles, at

1/2, 1/3, 2/6,

and 11/-

each.

If you
have Health,
and wish to retain
it, read

DR. ROOKE'S "ANTI-LANCET"

and be your own Doctor.

It contains 172 pages, and has a circulation of over five millions. Every household should possess a copy. It is a priceless gift to all. Gratis of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, or POST-FREE from

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WATERBURY.

Perfect Timekeepers—Guaranteed for Two Years.

The Watchmaker (London):

"Guaranteed to give a maximum of results in timekeeping at a minimum of cost."

Manchester Examiner:

"A splendid timekeeper."

Manchester Courier:

"They are admirable timekeepers."

Glasgow Herald:

"A good timekeeper."

Glasgow Citizen:

"A good timekeeper."

Weekly Times (London):

"The famous Waterbury—a favourite all over the world for accuracy and good appearance."

Birmingham Post:

"Keeps accurate time, and is a good-looking and handy watch."

Edinburgh Express:

"It keeps time wonderfully."

Freeman's Journal (Dublin):

"Serviceable to all. Altogether a capital article."

Newcastle Chronicle:

"A real timekeeper."

Dublin Evening Telegraph:

"Extremely good timekeepers."

Belfast News Letter:

"An excellent timekeeper."

Belfast Northern Whig:

"Excellent and reliable timekeeper."

Leeds Mercury:

"Keep excellent time."

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"Never has a better article been produced for the money."

Bristol Times and Mirror:

"Handsome in appearance, and a marvel of horological mechanism."

Bristol Observer:

"A surprisingly good watch."

Northern Evening Express:

"A marvel of cheapness, and a good timekeeper."



10/6 Keyless, Reliable,
Durable, Accurate.

RUNS 28 HOURS WITH ONE WINDING.
REGULATES TO A MINUTE A MONTH.
RARELY GETS OUT OF ORDER.
REPAIRS NEVER EXCEED 2/6.

The New Short-Wind 15/-
WATERBURY.

Embodies all the qualities which have made the WATERBURY famous throughout the world as a timekeeper, and possesses in addition the following advantages:

- 1.—It winds in a dozen turns of the crown.
- 2.—The Hands set from the outside.

£100 INSURANCE will be paid to the Next-of-kin of any person killed in a Railway Accident, while wearing a WATERBURY, in Great Britain or Ireland during 1887 and 1888, Railway Servants excepted.
SOLD EVERYWHERE. At the Depots of the Company, and at W. H. SMITH & SONS' Bookstalls.
Head Office: 17 HOLBORN VIADUCT.

Ally Sloper on Kope as a Delusion.

'Twas the springtime of his youth, and she lived next door. Her name was Maria. She was A. SLOPER's first love as far as he can remember, and he broke out into poetry and said—



"Oh, Maria,
My heart's afire."

It wasn't much of poetry, perhaps, looked at from a high, critical standpoint, but there was passion in it, and A. SLOPER borrowed two pence out of his cousin Evelina's money-box, and went forth into the highways and byways to see what he could get a lace-edged piece of paper and a fancy envelope for. But on his road what should he come across but a sweetmeat shop, where they sold hardbake and other delicacies. After all, what's the sense of Xmas Cards? They ain't as good as hardbake. Most likely even Maria herself would have preferred the hardbake if she had had the chance.

'Twas still A. SLOPER's youth, and she (only this was another one) lived in the next street, and her family had a brass knocker, and she was proud and haughty. But A. SLOPER thought her an angel, and wrote and told her so, only he spelt it with a "gle," and that offended her, and she said, "I hate boys!" and complained to her big brother. And he said he would thrash A. SLOPER, and A. SLOPER said he would like to see him do it. And for weeks and weeks he and A. SLOPER were dodging about, and if they had only met there is no knowing what might have happened.

It was in his manhood's prime, and he met her (only this was another one) in society. Her name was Aurora, and she wore the most elegant crinoline of any amidst that crowded assembly. Respectfully A. SLOPER hovered around and heaved the sigh, and presently she said to her papa, "I wish you'd speak to that horrid old man breathing into the nape of my neck." Her papa thereupon did speak to A. SLOPER, and his words were, "Out you go!" and out A. SLOPER went slanting-dicular.

'Twas in the mellow autumn time of the *littérateur's* checkered career, and she (only once again this was another one) walked upon the pier at Brighton, and the sun shone brightly, and the sea sparkled, and A. SLOPER murmured, "Miss Robinson," he said, "I am no longer a boy." "No," she said, "you don't look it." "I am a plain man," he said. "You are," she answered. "I have not the gift of eloquence," he said. "You talk quite enough," she replied. "Miss Robinson," he continued, after a moment's pause, and in a voice which was broken with emotion, "I would conciliate you. I would make you love me. I would send you a Christmas Gift. Have you any preference as to Cards? Which sort do you like best?" "Oh, thanks," she said, "I'm out of almost everything. I've no gloves and no boots fit to wear, and my sealskin jacket's worn out, and I'm sick of these earrings, and my bonnet's dreadfully shabby, and this stupid coachman's coat is old-fashioned, and all my dresses are threadbare and my petticoats are nothing but rags, and I can't darn my stockings any more; but as you ask me, I think I should prefer two tons of coal."

With a dejected demeanour the Eminent sought the railway station, and returned to the metropolis. As he thinks things over his heart is sad. Whose shout comes next?

It's a General Thing in Service.

If, when you engage, they ask you your age,
Say "Twenty," if 'twill raise your wage;
It's a general thing in service!
If, when you sup, you should get up
And knock down either dish or cup—
It's a general thing in service!
If, when you "wait," your masters state
They lose each day a piece of plate—
It's a general thing in service!
And if you're merry, it's handy, very,
To help yourself to a bottle of sherry:
It's a general thing in service!
To all relations, whatever their stations,
Be sure and give them rousing rations—
It's a general thing in service!
If e'er your chest requires a vest,
Go to the wardrobe, choose the best:
It's a general thing in service!
With travel curst, go "on the burst,"
And by third class—but charge for first!
It's a general thing in service!
Each eye keep sly when passing by
A keyhole, nor pause to tell a lie—
It's a general thing in service!
Be sure you eat best of the meat—
It is but right you should have a treat:
It's a general thing in service!
And when in Court, give answers short,
With Samuel Wellerish retort—
It's a general thing in service!

A Question of Age.

"Ah, there's nothing like the olden times, after all. They did enjoy life in those days," said Mr. Sharpshins, after relating an account of a Christmas journey by coach and four. "I say, pa," blurted out young Sharpshins, "the world is older now than it was a hundred years ago, isn't it?" "Of course it is," "Well, surely then," said young Sharpshins, "those ought to be called the younger days, ought they not?" [Mr. Sharpshins pronounces it bedtime.

Every Thursday.—One Penny.—Post free, 1d.

Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

Eight Large Pages Crammed full of Pictures and Reading.
THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY ILLUSTRATED PAPER PUBLISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN.

MONEY PRIZES!! GRATIS PLATES!!
TWENTY SILVER WATCHES GIVEN AWAY WEEKLY!
Two Handsome Presents Given away Weekly!
Your Life Insured for £150, Free!
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THE SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT
Is conferred on those deserving the distinction.
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Is presented in all cases of Individual Bravery.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY
Forwarded to any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada,
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P.O.O.s payable to GILBERT DALZIEL,
"THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The "Festive" Season.

WITH VARIATIONS.

FROM A RICH UNCLE TO A POOR NEPHEW.

December 23rd, 1887.
MY DEAR NEPHEW JOHN, I beg to thank you for your extremely kind letter of yesterday's date. It is, indeed, only what I should have expected from my dear nephew to think, "at this genial season of the year" (as you so poetically describe the particularly beastly weather we are now afflicted with), of your "dear old godpapa," and to wish him, as you so kindly do, "merry Christmas, and many more of them."
With regard to this last very considerate wish of yours, my dear nephew John, I am thankful to say that by carefully avoiding all the horribly unwholesome accompaniments of "the festive season" (as some fools call the most depressing period of the whole twelvemonth), and confining myself to my bedroom, my gruel, and plenty of warm flannel underclothing, I trust to be able to last out several more Christmases, much as I regret to so disappoint the very reasonable (considering my age) anticipations of my dear nephews and nieces.

With all the compliments of the season, I beg to subscribe myself, my dear nephew John, Your affectionate uncle,
To J. SCATTERCASH, Esq. TIMOTHY SCREWE.
P.S.—I do so much regret that, owing to the depression in the tallow trade, I am quite unable to enclose you this year my usual little Christmas cheque, the great desirability of which you so delicately remind me of.

FROM A TRADESMAN TO A CUSTOMER.

December 23rd, 1887.
MADAM,—Yours to hand, enclosing esteemed order for the Christmas week, viz.—Two bottles of our fine fruity port, two ditto dry sherry, one ditto fine Jamaica rum, one ditto old cognac, the entire ingredients for a good-sized Christmas pudding, a complete dessert for twelve persons, and the best remaining of our "special prize Christmas turkeys."
In reply, I beg to take this opportunity (per bearer) of enclosing my (too) long-standing accounts, and regret to have to inform you that, until £20 is paid off the same, not a single article goes out of my shop into your house.—I remain, madam, with the Compliments of the Season, your most obedient servant,
To Mrs. CHARLES QUIVERFUL, Turtle-dove Villa.

FROM A SCHOOLMASTER TO HIS PUPIL'S PARENT.

BIRCHINGTON HOUSE, December 23rd, 1887.
MY DEAR SIR,—In accordance with my usual custom, I have much pleasure in forwarding my report for the half, ending this day, upon your two sons, Ferdinand James, and Algernon Henry, together with my account for board and instruction, etcetera, etcetera, for the same. With reference to the latter, you will observe that the item for breakages is considerably in excess of last half's, whilst that for renewing lost and torn school-books is slightly above the average. With regard to your two sons, it is my painful duty to inform you that they exhibit no signs whatever of any improvement; two more incorrigibly dull lads I have never had the misfortune to instruct.—I am, my dear sir, with all the compliments of the festive season, yours very faithfully,
ERASMUS WAPPERTON, M.A.
To CHARLES QUIVERFUL, Esq., Turtle-dove Villa.

FROM ONE BRITISH WORKING MAN TO ANOTHER.

Christmas Afternoon. Out in the Cold.—Somewhere.
..... Wot's that you sez, Bill—"A Merry Christmas and a Nappy Noo 'Ear"! Get 'long with yer larks! Bloomin' "Merry," ain't it, cuttin' a pore cove off his work and wages from Saturday till Tuesday! Like to be 'appy, ain't it, with no victuals for the missus and the kids, and no coal in the cupboard! What say? It's warmer inside the pub! Right you are. Come on, an' I'll blue my last tanner!

Christmas Greeting.

CHEER-RO! who's for the pudding?
There's something this Christmas to every one's taste,
See! what can be nicer? 'Tis rich for the miser,
And sweet for the girl with an arm round her waist.
CHEER-RO! who's for the pudding?
With comfort like this one may well laugh at fate;
There's warmth for the weary, there's spice for the dreary,
There's spirit for all who will send up a plate.
CHEER-RO! who's for the pudding?
Though some have been served there is plenty left still;
There's sauce for the merry, for all the red berry,
And (best of all gifts) there is Peace and Goodwill.

Purchasers of

Ally Sloper's Christmas Holidays,

by filling in the label printed below, stand a chance of getting
A CHRISTMAS BOX OF £25.
The money, in five £5 notes, will be forwarded to the successful candidate in
A HANDSOME SLOPER CASKET,
BY A WEST-END MAKER.

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

Name, ...
Address, ...
Reason why you apply

Cut out Label and enclose it in envelope—Addressed,—

"SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS BOX,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

. The List will close December 31st, 1887.

THE NAME OF THE SUCCESSFUL COMPETITOR WILL BE PUBLISHED IN
"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" EARLY IN JANUARY, 1888.

My Columbine.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,
But when it comes it brings good cheer;



Also people not a few
Very wonderful to view
Such as this young lady
fair—
Her hair's a waste, her
waist's a hair—
Bright her eyes and round
her arms,
And lower limbs. Divise
her charms!
She is called a Columbine,
And, what's more, she's
"lady mine."
When abroad she dares to
stir,
I keep company with her;
And, to prove we can agree,
She keeps company with
me.
We'll get married when
we've got
Coin enough to boil the
pot.
On her wedding day, so
rare,
She this very dress shall
wear;
She shall carry in her hand,
Pretty pet, this very wand,
She shall have upon her
head
This cocked hat when we
are wed.
Every man who looks will
covet
My Belinda, my beloved!

She is one of the erratics,
Heaven protect her from rheumatics.

On Christmastide.

BY A YOUNGEST BOY.

CRISMASS is generally supposed to be a very jolly season of the year. There are munny good pointse abowte Crismiss. The eting is imeshurably superior to what it is at enny other season of the year, and the giftes wich are handid to the yung, by those wose duty and goy it ote to be to make them hapy, are akseptible, wen they do not take the Form of moril story bookse. But the Day itself is a dreery wun, sept foa the xitement of the Tabel, with holy leevs stickinge into the backse of little boyse neckse, in the Pewse were they cit, indeverring not to let the Cermon take awai their appetitse for diner, and stray takse digeing into the nees of their trowais during the prairs, and an ante, from whome yu hav a rite to xpekt sumthing in the nature of a remembrance later on, loking at yu revengfully from under the shaddow of a Trukulent Bonit, and daring yu with her i to do so much as rigne wunse.

Then, abowte CRISMASS time, we are subjected to another anyanse—i mean the Watse. Alle the little boyse that hav cheked yu for miles round, are privileged to kum and sing Himse on yure dorstepes. Them and their Himse, indele!

I will tell yu sumthing that hapened a fu nitse ago. Gorge parker and me was upstairse in the Bedrume over the Front doore. We had had Tea. Mi sister (the eldist wun) had bene trying xperyments: wich are forbidden to littel boyse, With a pakit of Juddsone's dise and a Tubb of Hot Water. But she was now dounstairse in the parlor with a yung femail frend who had skipt in to Clack. And Gorge and me heard the Watse kumming up the strete. We loked at the Tubb of liquid dise; then without wun word we opened the window and histed the Tubb of Di onto the cill, and gott reddy for the Fray.

The first shreke we startid. o goy! It was the Church Quire, and there was the leen yung Qurit, who is in luv with my sister (the eldist wun) wen we peped out, singeing awai as if he wold burst hisse buttonse off.

Presently a window opense dounstairse. The voyse of my sister (the eldist wun) was herd to mermer fourth, "How luvley! Does it Not Make Yu lounge to join the Quire Abuv?" Sumwun riplide in the afermativ. Gorge nugged me panefully in the ribse.

Just as the Qurit opened his Mouth for a Hi Note, Gorge let go the Tubb. There was a tremendus splash, a shreek from mi sister (the eldist wun), and muffle monse from beeneeth shoed that the fatle implement had lade the Qurit lo.

He was convayed home by the Quire.
People found falt with Gorge and me, but we did not kare. The longlegd Qurit with the holow voyse will not preech on CRISMASS DAY. Reeder, askist thou why?
Because he is dide brite bloo!
I luv old CRISMASS, with its harty lafs and its harmiliss frolicks.

December Hints for Young Wives.

INDUCE lethargic husbands to soak their fat chapped hands in pickling vinegar, charged with cayenne; it will make them lively. Poison objectionable husbands with home-made peppermint drops. When jovial husbands are struck down with the green-pip on Boxing Day, say, "It serves you right—I told you so." This will give you a virtuously superior position in the eyes of the sufferers. Rub babies' chilblains with lard, and roast them before a slow fire. Treat your hare to a wash of port, and a pomatum of red currant jelly. Should aged husbands prove fractious at having to sit up till midnight on the 30th, wring their old ears in and out. Insist on husbands opening oysters for you, no matter how shaky their hands are. If they object, say they must be cold, and send them to shovel snow off roofs in order to restore circulation. Do this especially if their lives happen to be insured.

A Christmas Carol.

Sing ho! the merry Christmas time,
When Jack Frost prints his sparkling rime
In silver on the window pane,
And joy-bells ring a cheery chime
To welcome Christmas back again.

The Tradesman now, like Robin, will
Come tapping with his little bill,
Till day's made hideous by knocks,
And every Jack will want his gill,
And every Cox his Christmas box.

Now beaux their amorous shafts
deliver,
And put the maids all in a quiver;
But though the shots from Cupid's
bow

May score a Miss, the wounds they
give her
Each Miss'll heal with Mistletoe!

Like cabby, with our Christmas fire,
Of taking too much let's beware!
But when the chimers and waits we
hear,

We'll join the "Holloa!" in the air
With a bounteous Christmas cheer.

Ah! after pudding comes the pill,
And draught next morning when you're ill—
A stir-up for your nightmare ride—
Such draughts the doctor's sails shall fill,
When his Bark swims on Christmas-tide!





"TURN ON, OLD TIME."
Indignation of the old man on being told he lingers too long in the lap of winter.



HOPE LIVES ETERNAL, &c.
Elderly Spinster. I can't understand, my dear, why that rude young fellow will insist on following us. I'm sure I've given him no encouragement.



BUTTER-SCOTCH.
McQuilter, with the fiery untamed Sassenach steed beneath his feet, declaims the popular horse superstition:—"If a person suffering from whooping cough asks advice of a man riding on a piebald horse, the malady will be cured by doing what the man tells him to do." No takers. "On, Stanley, on!"



A PRETTY LOVE SCENE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.
Rather mean, though, wasn't it, to take advantage of Nellie when she had come to help to decorate the church? But she liked it, so who could object?



COLD WEATHER COSTUME.
Especially designed, and dedicated to the fair sex, by Tootsie for the Christmas season.

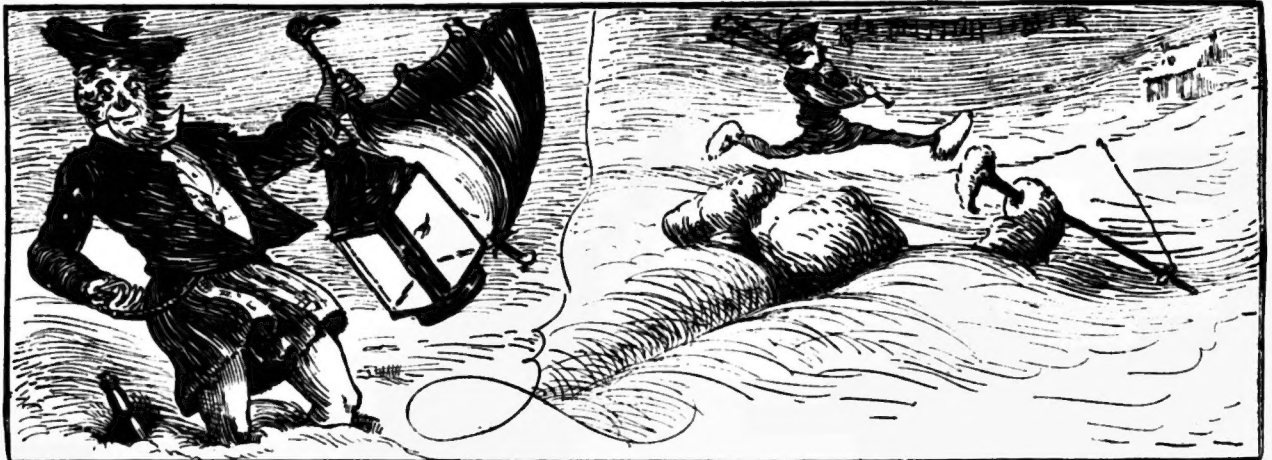


Angelina. Now, Professor, don't say you have a cold. Sing this with me.
Heer Saaveeloo. Mein Gott, ma tear, I can't sing dat! "All very Vine and Large," or anything like dat I can sing; but ven it comes to "Gipsy Countesses"—bah!



CUPID'S SEASON.
Look out, girls! Keep a tight hold of your hearts. The Festive Season is one of the favourite times of this young man, so beware!

McNAB "FIRST-FOOTING" ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING.



1. Just on the stroke o' twelve. Then to "first-foot" his deary (N.B.—Awful cauld.)

2. "I'll Johnnie Coup' ye, ye skirling couper," panted the Elder, from the drift, as Piper Tamsin whirled past towards Janet's.



3. That de'il o' a piper is before me this time, thundered McNab, in tones that drowned the storm; "but I'll mak' him pipe when he comes out."

4. This is the magnet that attracted them

5. "Ye look unco crusie, ye bantam rhinoserus," chattered the Elder, as he challenged the piper to mortal combat.



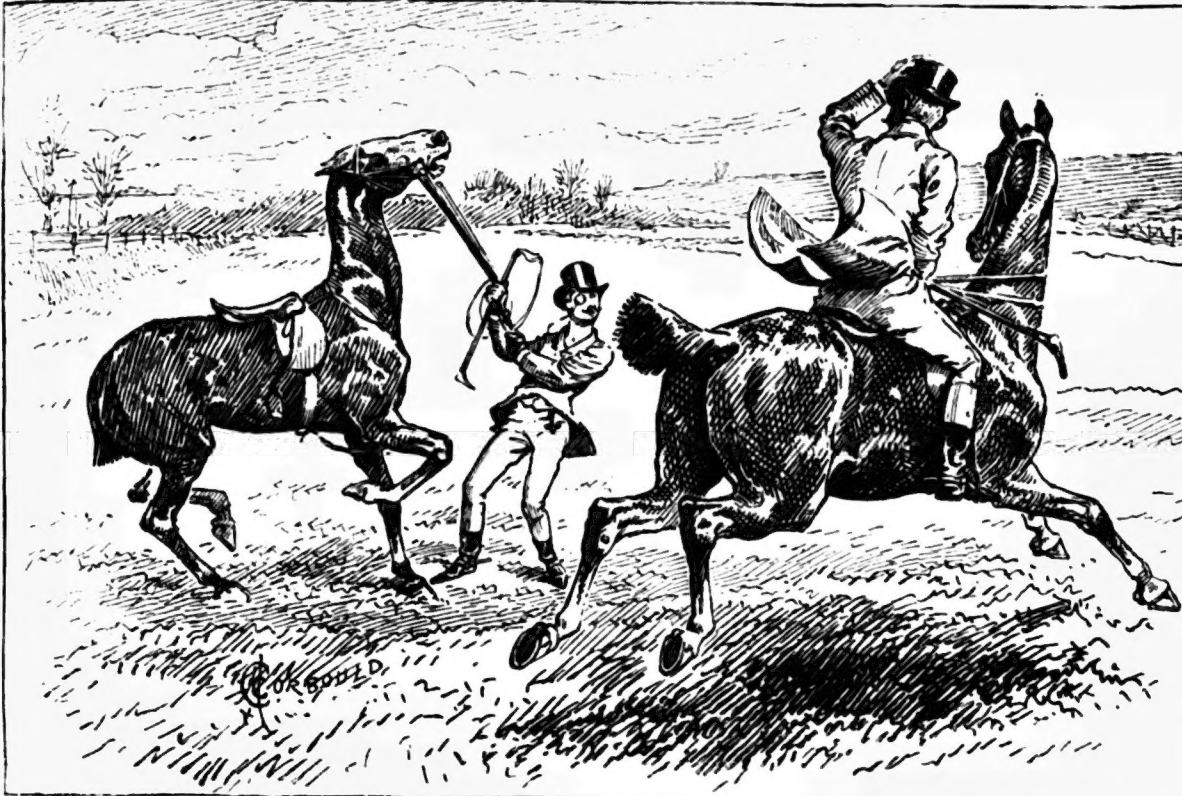
6. "You or me will hev to dee, Tam-sin," sighed the Elder. "First tak' that tae yer heart, my laddie."

7. "Deed," said Farmer McSmiler, "they're hot in the hoose, and funder o' feichtin' than I am to wuffie about in a snaw-drift like that."

8. "Tak' your choice, Janet, lass; the Elder or the piper." "What are they?" said Janet. "Tak' 'em awa' and bury 'em, Feither."

P.S.—And now you know why McNab is a confirmed bachelor.

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.—A SOLILOQUY. Time: BOXING-DAY.



Individual in distress I say, lend us a hand.
Hunting-Man (thrown out) sotto voce. Ugh! Hang you! I've got to pick up the hounds, without looking after the puppies.



A CHRISTMAS PROPOSAL.

Fitznoodle. Haw—Miss—haw—Kissmall, will you—haw—join your hand to mine, and consent that we be one?
Miss Kissmall (imitating). Haw—really, I couldn't—haw—Mr. Fitznoodle. I am already—haw—engaged. But our housemaid is in—haw—want of a—haw—husband, and if you—haw—
(Fitznoodle bolts.)

YE ANCIENT LOVE STORY.—IN SIX FYTTES.



Spriggins. Cheese it, old 'un; if you're the keeper of these vaults, let me pass. I always lock myself in a vault during the Christmas Season, to keep away from the booze. Bound to get the D.T.'s if I don't!



1. The snow fell thick, blinding, and fast, finding its way into the eyes, nose, mouth, and neck of old Enoch, the village postman, as, on Christmas Eve, he wended his way to Chuffeigh Towers, the ancestral home of the Chuffeighs since the time of the Norman invader.



2. Sir Chumpau Chuffeigh was a proud man; still, proud men have their little weaknesses—his was, that he loved his beautiful parlour-maid, Madeline. At that moment she entered with the letters. "Madeline," said the baronet, "excuse the abruptness of the proposal, but will you consent to be Lady Chuffeigh?"



3. "Sir Chumpau," replied she, "hitherto I have not dared even to admire you at a distance, but providing my true love, Peter, of the Guards, who went to the wars with the Duke of Wellington, is dead, I, Sir Chumpau, am yours." And, having respectfully curtsied, she retired.



Spriggins. Nothink cheaper nor sixpence in Christmas cards? Shant hev one then, so there! No eals wnth it.



4. When alone, Sir Chumpau began perusing the letters. Ah! what is this? One for Madeline! Wouldn't it be unprincipled to open it? He did. It ran: "Dear Madlin,—I ham 'ome agin. If you luv me stil, rite and say so; if you don't, I shal no you luv a nother. —PETER." He reduced the letter to ashes.



5. In those days, before School Boards, few domestics could read; Madeline was one of these. It was Christmas morning, and Sir Chumpau had already taken several opportunities of chastely saluting his affianced bride neath the branches of the spreading mistletoe. It was on one of these occasions they turned round and saw—Peter, the Guardsman.



6. "Is it for this," he cried, scalding tears welling in his brave eyes, "I started post-haste to once again clasp in my arms my own little sweetheart? Oh! But," he added, "if the proud Sir Chumpau Chuffeigh thinks I am to be bought over by base lucre, he is right!" And Madeline became Lady Chuffeigh, and they all lived happy over after.

YE GAME OF BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.



Old Man (in background). Noat a bit o' use o' any 'un else playin', lass; she's as much arter him blindfold as she is in her ordinary state. Best thing we can do is to chuck it, and leave they two to themselves.



"HURROO! RIGHT DOWN HIS NECK!"



Some friends whom we may expect to be very intimate with at this season of the year.



A LULLABY.

The next morning the ground was covered with old boots, etc.

On the Female Circus Rider.

THE FEMALE CIRCUS RIDER is, as a rule, a object of exceeding buty. Her petticoats are of a molist shortness. Her neck and arms are as the undriven sho. Her cheeks are of a rosy hue. Her lashes are of extraordinary length. And her legs are of a lovely pink, and cross above the ankle with illestick bands, which serve to prevent her shoes (which she wears easy) from coming off in the middle of the ring.

A number of popular gey and admiration greets the appearance of the FEMALE CIRCUS RIDER. The hearts of little boyse especially, nock against the fronts of their weskoats with surprising violence when she is discried bounding over the redd cloth barrier, gracefully assisted by the staitely gentleman in a blew cote and brite buttonse who carries the wip. Sumtime she dashes into the a rina on a bear-backed stede, whose nose is so tightly strapped against his chest, that he thros his nees over his head every time he essays the poatry of moshun.

I was in luv wunse. It was with a FEMALE CIRCUS RIDER. She was the most splendid girl immaginabel. In a moment of intohosyasm, I inscribed the mistik karakters,

"i LuV yU!"

in blak led pensil on the fair ikspanse of a peppermint losinge, and herled it towards the goddess of my yung affeckshuns. She took no notiss. Presently the clownse found it, and et it upp. i hope i diss- agrede with him!

I kno another boy, his name is Gorge Parker. Gorge Parker wunse rann awai and goyned a travalling sirkus. His bereeved fammally put the paleese upon his trak, but without a veil. At the end of a week, however, he returned of his own akord. Then they washt him, and shaved his head. And wen he was clene enuff to fele it, they gave him a thrashing.

Gorge knue sevvytal FEMALE CIRCUS RIDERS when he was in the profeshun. He sais that they are not as atraktive wen seen close to, as wen vewed from a grate way off. He sais that their voyse are horse, their frokse put on with an eesy disregard of hookse and ise, which is con- clusive to comfort, but prejudishul to elligance; that they are, as a rule, adiktet to the konsumshun of ardiint likkwids; and that the luvly bloom of helth upon their cheekse is not permanent, and can be rimoved with a towil and greese. If enny wun but Gorge had told me this, i shold have said it was lise.

Akorling to the saim authority, the FEMALE CIRCUS RIDER is in the habbit of applyinge a Hors wip to the Partner of her joyse wen he has dun ennything to vekke Her. i Do not Think i shal marry a FEMALE CIRCUS RIDER wen i attane mi magority.

Bygones.

WHERE are the Christmas days of yore!
The peacock pie, the head of boar!—
All bygones!

No yule log sparkles in our grates,
No harper harps without our gates;
And jovial jesters, wassail, waits
Are bygones!

Where are the joys of other days?
The childhood's dream, the manhood's craze!—
All bygones!
The love that should for ever last!
The fortune made—and spent—too fast!—
These, too, are numbered in the past
As bygones!

Yet you and I may be content,
And know 'tis useless to lament
These bygones.
So lift not Retrospection's pall,
Nor on the ghost of Mem'ry call—
We live to-day. Let bygones all
Be bygones!

The Story of a Broken Heart.

I HAVE forgotten his name; and yet I loved him. Loved him with all the romantic ardour of a newly-awakened heart.

He had an appointment in the City, and the loveliest moustache. When he kissed you with it you thought of all the poetry ever written by Browning, Swinburne, Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, and Rimmel. For he used the most beautifully-perfumed of pomatums. Then his dress! So gloomy! so romantic! I really wish I could remember his name!

He had eyes that made you shiver deliciously whenever he fixed them on your own over the edge of his afternoon tea-cup. And when he smiled! Well, I can't believe you ever saw anything like it in your whole life.

He wrote poetry, too. Perhaps that was why he was so melancholy. They say that poets are sad, as a general rule. I remember we used frequently to walk out (he liked rainy days) in the direction of the cemetery. And he would speak so beautifully of the time when our wedded ashes would mingle together under the grassy sod, till one felt creepy all over; or we would stroll by the bank of the canal, and as we gazed into the sluggish waters he would seize my hand, and cry, "Does it not look tempting, Oriana? Only think, beloved girl, one plunge would be the ending of all this anguish. Then, locked in each other's arms, should we not sweetly repose beneath yon glassy surface, silent for ever, and at rest?"

And he would smite his brow, and say that Death was beckoning him towards the Bourne of the Illimitable. Then he would take out his watch and say that it was time for dinner, and lead me home again. It was a halcyon time that we spent together—but I cannot recall his name.

Yet the day was to come when the memory of scenes like these was to add another drop of Angostura to the Wine of Life brimming in the Cup of Memory. My cousin Kate Carryon—you remember Kate Carryon—came to spend Christmas beneath our roof.

I was not suspicious or jealous, I solemnly declare; I simply watched them narrowly, and listened to their conversation whenever an opportunity occurred of doing so.

Then the blow fell!

We gave a Christmas party. He came to it, of course; but what a change in his attire! His garments, which once had fallen in Byzantine folds about a form of Grecian moulding, were now of distinctly commonplace cut. His hair, too, was parted on one side. I heard that girl congratulate him upon the change in his appearance. And he danced. He danced round dances, country dances—all wildly and vigorously. He had the heartless audacity even to ask me to be his partner in the Highland schottische—that vulgar dance which we had so many times pronounced to be the essence of vulgar frivolity. I had just strength to utter a decisive refusal before my strength failed me, and I sank upon the sofa. He remarked that I didn't seem to be enjoying myself. And he left me. It was then that I began to doubt whether I had ever really loved Mr. — I really cannot remember his name!

The evening sped as on wings of incandescent bath-brick. Charades were proposed. He joined in them. Somebody—need I say who that somebody was?—got up a round game, with forfeits paid under the mistletoe. He played the game—he paid the forfeits—generally to that viper in a female guise—under the loathsome vegetable which a deplorable superstition had affixed to the bottom of the chandelier.

At last—O heavens!—he volunteered to sing a comic song.

She volunteered to accompany him. The unhappy creature rumbled his hair, turned up the collar of his dress-coat, and casting a horrid leer around him, winked his eye—one of those eyes I had thought so expressive—and began. Could one call it singing?

It was too much. The vessel bowed beneath the potter's rod. The shorn lamb showed its temper to the winds. Hysteria of the most inveterate description terminated the horrors of that evening. When I partially recovered, he was gone. They said I had scratched him severely, and torn several of the buttons off his coat during a paroxysm of insensibility. But I don't believe it for an instant. We have never met since that day. Time has healed the open wound inflicted on a too-credulous heart by Mr. — You see, I have forgotten his name.

Private Theatricals.



Plot and Passion's put us in a passion,
But Desmarts still is quite the fashion,
Ruy Blas, Don Caesar, Charles the Twelfth, Sir Giles
Are indifferently played in different styles.

Used Up will never be used up until
All amateurs you can contrive to kill.

Then there's the "funny" man, conceited body,
Who thinks himself a Clarke or Toole;

Box and Cox, Paulton, and Poor Pilloccody
Are equal favourites with this school.

There are who think burlesque the only thing,
And at a breakdown love to have a fling.

But, whatever is done, one thing is quite sure,
No one will be pleased with his part;

Because on having the best in the piece,
Each actor, of course sets his heart.

And then the ladies, dear little pets!
Are the most annoying of all;

Of course the wrong part each one gets—
That is always the way the things fall.

"I don't like that," and "I won't have this."
And "I cannot consent to that kiss,"

And especially with Mr. Green,
(With Mr. Brown allright 'twould have been.)

If there is a burlesque one won't show her legs,
Whilst another girl for the chance daily begs.

And then the dresses
Cause endless messes.

One is too fast, the other
too old,

That is too quiet, t'other
too bold.

At last
All this is past.

Past are rehearsals with
all their troubles,

Where nobody knows
his part,

And all refuse
To learn their cues,

Or give to the play their
heart.

As the time draws near,
attention doubles.

House in a flutter,
Pa in a bluster,

Confusion, disorder reign
everywhere,—

Making a stage,
Ma in a rage,

Grumbling and growling
as much as she dare.

Lots of stage talk,
Rouge and burnt

corn,

Doublets and tights, Quarrels and fights,
Sometimes affrays, So pass the days.

The time is come, and of guests there's a troop,
Ring up the play to commence.

As the curtain rises the actors' hearts droop,
And excitement grows intense.

The piece hangs a bit, For cues they forget—
No matter, the friends give applause;

Whatever goes wrong in speech, dance, or song,
There is always a saving clause.

And mamma and pa at the end confess
That the whole affair has been "a success."

Nobby's New Suit.

A TALK WHICH OUGHT TO BE READ BY SHABBY PEOPLE.

PROPERLY, my name is Nobbs, but I've been called Nobby since that awful affair. That affair was this:—

I thought I really ought to buy some new clothes for Christmas, and I bought them; and they caused a tremendous sensation at our office.

I am not a swell, you know. None of the Nobbses have done much that way—they haven't had time.

But when I buy anything, I like to have it the right sort, and when I lay out my money I have all the latest fashions.

The worst of it is, I don't always run to the necessary outlay, so I get a trifle out of date now and then.

But I went in a regular twister this autumn. Quite the choicest—rather à la Vance, but toned down a bit. Quite the right thing, though, mind you. No half-and-half business for me.

Oh my! When I got home after office hours and tried those things on, just come in fresh from the tailor's!

I was almost afraid at first, and ran and hid myself when the landlady knocked; and wasn't she knocked backwards when she saw me!

"How do you like it, ma'am?" said I.

"I hardly know, sir," she said; "you're rather like a bird in the back view."

I won't go so far as to say I didn't sleep a wink all night, but I was up much earlier than usual next day, and dressed myself elaborately.

The first sign of public feeling was at the cab-rank. A hansom driver sang out to a friend, "Ain't we got 'em on, Bill? You haven't got such a thing as a sparrow-tailed cut-away about you as I could make my little boy a jacket out on?"

This was mere vulgar envy. I took no notice of the fellow.

But the cabman's chaff was nothing to that of the chaps at our office. They regularly raged with fury when they saw the rig-out I had got on board.

I said nothing—merely smiled. I let them disparage as much as they chose! I could afford it.

In the evening, just about leaving-time, it came on to rain.

How it rained!

I had no money for a cab. If I took one on the bounce, the landlady might be out.

All the 'buses were full.

I waited till it was dark under an archway.

Then I turned up my collar.

But my clothes were utterly ruined.

I am shabby again now, but, I think, happier.

Mary Eva Green's Disappointment.

MARY EVA GREEN was a spinster of uncertain age. Full forty summers must have passed over her fair head, but amongst them they could not have calculated her exact years. For long she had devoted herself to hymns and psalms, but, as yet, no answering "him" had taken her to his psalms—I mean, his arms. Each Christmas she looked for the coming MAN, and though she had not yet got a string to her beau, she clung tenaciously to her rope—I would say, her hope.

It was the morning of the 25th, and Mary Eva bounded joyously from her downy couch. She was an excellent match, and she lighted on her box, which had been carelessly left near the bed. This made her flare up. To pomatum her face and powder her nose was the work of a moment. Just as she was giving the last touch to her organ (which now had a considerable swell), the postman's rat-tat resounded through the house. With a scream of anticipation Mary Eva dashed out of the room, and stared down the flue—I beg pardon, I mean flew down the stair. Then, animated by almost superhuman strength, she tore up the passage. At the same moment Mary Jane, the "general" of the establishment, appeared at the top of the kitchen stairs, and took steps to reach the front door. They were too short. Her mistress was a better stepper, and romped in an easy winner. It was Mary Eva first, and the rest nowhere. Snatching the letter from the box, Mary Eva saw that it was addressed—"To Luvly Mary, at No. 9 Honeydew Villas."

"At last," she murmured ecstatically, and, pressing the envelope to her fluttering heart, she skipped upstairs with it, leaving Mary Jane glaring wolfishly at her from below. Once in her own room she bolted the door; and, not content with this, she greedily devoured the contents of the missive, which ran as follows:—

"Luvly Mary, hit's extrawdi-nary
'Ow I adore thee, thou bootiful fairy;
So hif thou wood'st, darling, be mine,
Meat me at the ary at ½ past 9.—ROBERT."

Mary Eva covered the writing with kisses, and then recovered herself somewhat. The poem acted like a spell upon her. The spelling was a little shaky, perhaps, but "A man's a man for a' that," and she resolved that *coûte que coûte* she would meet her unknown lover.

At twenty-five minutes past nine that night a veiled figure might have been seen (if it had not been too dark) shivering in the area of No. 9 Honeydew Villas; and precisely at half-past a heavy tramp was heard in the street. Mary Eva's heart fluttered in her bosom. It had, as yet, nowhere else to flutter. In another moment a manly form paused at the area gate, and a voice whispered, hoarsely but insinuatingly, "Wot cheer, Mary!" The veiled figure faltered up the steps, and flung itself, with a quivering cry, on the broad breast which belonged to the manly form.

Then suddenly from the area door a withering shriek arose into the night air, and, with a rush and a flop, another female figure threw itself upon the pair, and for some minutes no sound was heard save the scratching of busy nails, mingled with the beating of their own hearts and wails of uncontrollable anguish, as wale after wale came to the scratch. It was Mary Jane, and it was thus that she scraped acquaintance with her mistress and her lover.

The Perennial Bonnet.

A HOWL FOR HUSBANDS.

I.

SPRING.

WHEN all the land in green is
drest,
And Winter's snows are gone, it
'S just ten to one the gentle dove
Who holds you in her wifely love
Will want a new Spring bonnet.
So ope the purse, and yield your
store—
You know it will become her!
It's handsome, cheap, and what is
more
(Although you've heard that tale
before),
Will last her all the Summer.

[Does it? Wait and see.—ED.]

II.

SUMMER.

When Summer's roses sweetly
bloom,
And new-born calves are guzz-
ling,
Her brow's o'ercast with awful
gloom
As she pervades the drawing-
room—
A kind of Fate in muzzling,*
In vain you beg of her to share
The healthful promenade now,
To show her face she cannot bear,
Because she's nothing fit to wear,
You see, upon her head now.

[I know. And the new one—for,
of course, the male person to
whom this appeal is made has to
buy a new one—the new one will
do for the Autumn. But it
never does.—ED.]

[* This is a rhyme.]

III.

AUTUMN.

'Tis Autumn, and the leaves are
sere,
As rhymesters put it lightly
(Because "sere" rhymes with
"year" and "steer,"
(And "dear" and "cheer," and
"sphere" and "mere"),
You're feeling rather sprightly;
You've backed a horse that ran a
race,
And made your "pile" upon it;
You kiss your wife with genial
grace,
And looking fondly in her face,
You cry, "Let's buy a bonnet!"
[And she thanks you for a dear
old pet, and says that it will be
quite good when the winter
comes. But it never is.—ED.]

IV.

WINTER.

When Winter comes, with frost
and ice,
To pinch the poor and needy,
It's every day before your eyes,
And nothing can the fact disguise,
That bonnet's getting seely.
She waits your verdict with a
faint
Of gentle melancholy.
That makes you feel that she's a
saint,
And you're a thing unholy.
So yield with grace the needful
pelf,
There is no help upon it;
For every other married elf
'S as great a victim as yourself,
TO THE PERENNIAL BONNET.

V.

CHRISTMAS.

I DON'T like, if a girl sets her eye upon a young gentleman for a minute, that he should imagine she has a set on him for life.

I don't like to see two ladies conversing in an undertone in company, wearing a malicious look on their faces, and directing their eyes frequently towards me.

I don't like those very young men whose thoughts are always centred on themselves, and whose fingers are always twirling their moustachios.

I don't like to be one of a wedding party where all the young ladies are expected to damp their lace handkerchiefs through sympathy with the weeping bride.

I don't like to see my beau flirting with another girl, and be obliged to look gay and unconcerned all the time, lest I be accused of jealousy.

I don't like those who will tell you they "are plain people who speak their mind," and make that a pretext for giving you all manner of impertinent home blows.

I don't like, if a girl makes herself agreeable to a gentleman for half an hour, that he should go away and tell all his friends, in confidence, that she "is dying about him."

I don't like to be asked to play a little music for the gratification of the company, and to find during the whole performance that everybody prefers listening to the music of their own voices.

I don't like to see a pair of slippers that I worked at long and arduously to render beautiful, flourishing on the feet of another girl's husband whom I once expected to be my own.

I don't like, after conversing in an animated and sensible strain for five minutes, to hear at the end of it, "Pray excuse me, but what were you talking about?"

I don't like to be called "heartless" because I cannot sigh over a withered rose-leaf, or weep over "An Elegy on a Dead Canary."

I don't like, on showing a charming new bonnet to a dear young lady friend, to be told by her, quite patronizingly, that it would do pretty well, only it is so frightfully unbecoming.

VI.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS BY A YOUNG LADY.

I DON'T like, if a girl sets her eye upon a young gentleman for a minute, that he should imagine she has a set on him for life.

"Soup-la!"

THE CIRCUS! There's a lingering joy
Within those words, e'en now, sirs;
Oh, how I loved it when a boy
Of twelve, in Nankeen trousers—
O, how I sniffed the sawdust scent!
With what a mingled feeling
Inhaled the odours, sweetly blent
Of gas and orange-peeling!

For me the play was not "the thing,"
I hailed the curtain's downing,
The scattered pit, the raked-up ring—
Preliminary clowning.

And then my spirit lost itself;
Amidst the whirl and glitter
I ate, a puny, pale-faced elf,
Too much entranced to titter.

Those days are gone; the gorgeous knights
Have long since reached their tether;
The angels in the silken tights
Have moulted every feather!

The prancing steeds with glossy manes
Have vanished in a bee-line
Adown the ravenous red lanes
Of generations feline!

My Nankeen trousers are too tight,
My thatch is getting thinnish;
But still the Circus yields delight
That don't at all diminish!

The Way to Thoroughly Enjoy a Pantomime.

It is the thing to go to the Pantomime, I find. I hold myself, therefore, bound to go to the Pantomime. I fix on an evening, and a theatre—Drury Lane. I write a respectful explanation to my landlady, declaring my intention to dine that evening with an aged relative who has come up to town. In the excitement of the moment I post an envelope containing a Bacon Cypher instead of my letter. I resolved to be early at the theatre, so as not to be hurried. I hate hurry.

My watch has gone wrong. I arrive at 5.30—an hour too soon. I walk over to a restaurant and look at the bills. *Free Faw Fum*. Beverly, Harris, Rimmel. No half-price, &c. The waiter, a bland man, suggests summut 'ot, on account of the cold. 5.45.—I look anxiously across the street. "Doors open at 6.30!" I say to the waiter. I say this carelessly, not as if intending to go myself. I hate to be thought one of the crowd. Waiter says, "Yessir; you'll 'ave nearly a 'our to waitir." Waiter sees through me, evidently. I compare him, mentally, to the Boy at Mugby.

5.55.—I will walk round the Garden.
6.—I return. I see, in the distance, people standing against the doors. I go and stand against the doors, too. Nervous man near me whispers hoarsely at times to friend. I light a cigar, and take out my account-book to seem collected. Friend whispers audibly to nervous man, "Press." Nervous man says, "I—," Mcree people arrive. Woman offers me a playbill—penny. I take one. My watch has stopped. More people arrive—moral mother, with callow brood, and infant in arms. Brood is impatient. Moral mother says, "Exercise patience, my dears." I ascertain the time from her—6.15. More people arrive. Man offers me a playbill—penny. I take one. Moral mother and infant have crossed the street to buy oranges and pastry. Brood wax impatient, and demand of nervous man whether she will return, and, if so, when? Nervous man says, "I—," 6.25.—Moral mother returns, and more people arrive. Someone has lost his purse. Every one else endeavours to look as unlike a pickpocket as possible. Dead silence.

6.30.—Doors open suddenly. Nervous man and others fall over the pew-opener—door-keeper I mean. I hear in the distance nervous man saying, faintly, "I—."

I have got a ticket. First circle—3s. Nervous man and friend have also. We go upstairs. Box-keeper says, "And something for the box-keeper, please." We don't tip him. There are no places to be had—except round the corner. We pass down to dress-circle. Man offers a playbill. I take one. We tip box-keeper. There are just three places in the centre, front row but one. We take possession, and look round triumphantly. Man offers book of the words. I take one. Nervous man and friend borrow it directly. House is cram full. I look round. I see, half-a-dozen seats off, Jones and his sister. Jones nods to me; his sister smiles and bows, bewitchingly. I grin and blush. Nervous man says to friend, "I—," Friend looks at me and laughs.

Pantomime begins. I look frequently towards Jones, especially in the love passages. I see, behind him, Smith, whispering to his (Jones's) sister. He nods to me, and smiles. I nod to him and grin. I should like to wring his nose.

Orchestra plays favourite popular melodies. I should like to dance a breakdown. I say this to friend, and remark how jolly it would be to have those dances at parties. He only laughs. Nervous man says, "I—"

Scene changes to a Retreat of Romance. I look tenderly towards Miss Jones, and catch her brother's eye by mistake. I look uneasily cheerful wondering whether he noticed my impassioned expression. For the remainder of the evening I keep my eyes upon the stage.

Pantomime over. I rush out, in order to catch the Joneses. Smith is not with them. Miss Jones says, "Have you heard? Mr. Smith is engaged to one of the Miss De Robinsons." I have not heard, and am in ecstasy. I whisper soft nothings into her left ear. She sighs. I wax eloquent. I press for an answer. I am imperious. Jones has gone for a cab. Now or never! I seize her hand, and murmur hoarsely, "Sarah! swear that you will be mine!" Jones is here with the cab. Madness! As she is getting in, I ask frantically for one word. In an almost inaudible voice she replies, "Hem!" Joy!

I walk home on air—and the kerbstones. When I arrive my landlady appears sternly before me, with an open envelope in her hand. It is the Bacon Cypher.

Some Christmas Treats.

SPENSERIANLY TREATED.

Now cometh Christmas, lord of smiles and mirth,
That bringeth friends together from afar;
Of right good cheer, I ween, there is no dearth,
And victual-vendors now alle merrie are.

The chapman spreadeth wares, that he may catch
The goodwife seeking turkeys and eke geese,
And while his eye do keep upon the watch,
"Buy, buy!" he crieth ever without cease.

And chuckleth greatly when some greenhorn he doth fleece.

From schoole the urchin now returneth home,
And visions of rich eates before him rise,
Nor dreadeth he, poor foole, what next doth come
To him who over-eateth of mince pies.

The happy father thinketh of the treat
In store for children at the pantomime;
The mother buyeth toys with which to greet
Their eyes, and while with joy their voices chime,
She counteth not the costs, for it is Christmas-time.

The rosy wine now faileth not to flowe,
Nor dance to draw the ever-willing feet;
For happy maid and swaine the mistletoe
Doth tempt exchange of manie kisses sweete.

The waiters at midnight make their melodie (!)
The carol-singers likewise do appear,
For Christmas-box all do ask now, perdie,
As Christmas-come cometh only once a year;
And we do wish you all the best of Christmas-cheere.

Be Angleesh.

BY A FLIGHTY FOREIGNER.

DIEU merci! The ice is broken. *Je me suis sauvé.*
I am once more back in Paris—the one city in the world where it is possible to exist. You ask me for a few notes on Old England. Here you are:—

It is a land of fog. The lamps burn always. Photography is an impossibility.

The husbands sell their wives in Smithfield for a pot of beer. This is an old custom.

The English eat biftak and plumpuddang, and drink portaire beer.

They have two national songs, composed by Englishmen, which everybody sings. One is "God save the Queen," and the other "Two Lovely Black Eyes."

Every Englishman keeps a bull-dog.

Everyone loves la boxe. There are boxes at all the theatres, and Christmas-boxes, and a Boxing-day when all box.

There is a paper called SLOPER, which is published every Thursday.

This is as much as I know of England.

A Song of December.

MISTY and murky all day,
Dismal and dreary all night,
Greasy and gloomy the street,
You walk as if very near "tight."

Slippery, slushy, and damp,
In comfort you never can jog,
You say to yourself, with a groan,
"What a treat to be out in a fog!"

Hazy and heavy the air,
Gloomy and ghastly the light,
You feel as if little you'd care
To get, in fact, groggy outright.

A glass or two extra—"What odds?"
There's always some comfort in grog,
And it's pleasanter far to get screw'd,
Than choked by this horrible fog.

Muddy and miry the path,
Squashy and sloppy the road,
Oh! how you give vent to your wrath,
When you reach your suburban abode!

The mud, and the slush, and the mire
Have bespattered your elegant tog,
And that which you lov'd to admire,
Is spoilt by the odious fog.

Wheezy and sneezy you feel,
(Delightful sensations which are
Premonitory symptoms and come
On the eve of a wretched catarrh.)

Next morning you send for a "leech,"
And tell him you're "sick as a dog,"
"That symptom," says he, "Mr. Brown,
Is not, I think, due to the fog."

Where they are Again!

PANTOMIMES, in which the most nefarious proceedings are likely to take place on the part of certain persons calling themselves "Clowns," will usurp some of the principal metropolitan stages for some time to come. The attention of the police has been called to this state of things, and we have every reason to believe that the Home Secretary and Sir Charles Warren have had several consultations on the subject. To endanger life by greasing the pavement; to run the risk of setting fire to everything by a free exhibition of red-hot poker; to rob; to assault; to simulate sympathy with infants teething, and to reduce them to a condition of pulp by every kind of violence; to upset the nerves of elderly ladies by most disgraceful outrages; and to practise all kinds of robbery and violence—are some of the methods by which the persons calling themselves "Clowns" have succeeded in exciting public attention. It is hoped that the offer of a reward and free pardon will induce certain aged and nervous persons, by whom they are aided and abetted—known by the name of "Pantaloons"—to turn Queen's evidence, and bring these notorious offenders to justice.

Winter.

WINTER, what cheer is in
thy clouded brow?
What life or hope in thy
dark, transient days?
Or in thy hardened ground,
o'erspread with snow,
What theme is there for
songs of love and praise?
The year grown old before
Time's steps, decays,
And howls its lament in the
dismal blast,
Whilst the rough waves
their forms tremendous
raise,
And struggling ships on
treacherous rocks are
cast,
And helpless seamen cling
to rigging and to mast.

Yet thou hast cheer!—for at the year's last sigh
Old Christmas joins us with o'erflowing bowl,
While in wise merriment the moments fly,
And kind and tender thoughts possess the soul—
Yet bids he us our harmless mirth control,
And think of Him who came to ope the door
Of heavenly light and life unto the whole
Of this vain world—all dark and lost before,
And in our bleeding wounds His balm divine to pour.

Yes, thou hast cheer for many a toil-worn clerk,
Who, while bright Christmas for a season reigns,
Steals a short respite from his weary work,
And for the briefest space shakes off his chains
Of meek-born slavery to other's gains.

And though ill-paid, he bids his heart rejoice,
And feels the blood flow proudly through his veins,
As he beholds the woman of his choice,
And 'midst his children sings with loud and cheerful voice.

Yes, there is cheer when on the frozen lake
Boyhood, in glowing health and spirits high,
Doth of the graceful exercise partake
And pass in cheerful sport the moments by.

Ah! who in after years can check a sigh
For those bright days when o'er the ice he sped
With youthful vigour 'neath a frosty sky,
And felt thy bracing arms around him spread,
O Winter! ere thou left thy snow upon his head?

Then Winter, hail!—although thy biting wind
Doth through the leafless branches howl and rave,
We 'neath thy uncouth form some pleasures find;
Thou hast thy lesson, as all seasons have:—
Thou teachest us the poor from want to save,
To bend in sympathy and dry the tear
Of those who help and consolation crave—
To feel for others with a soul sincere,
And do some little good while yet we linger here.

"Home for the Holidays."

Do you think it follows that because your respected ma takes bottled stout with her meals she must become, not only quite well, but really hale?

How do you account for the fact that the warmest winter-coat is sometimes a *frieze* one?

Explain the precise and particular sensation a person experiences when he is "as fit as a fiddle."

Give an illustration, in pen-and-ink sketch, of a gentleman in the act of "chopping logic."

Furnish a correct exposition of the latitude and longitude, the size and shape, and the length and breadth of that unknown quantity known as "a jiffy."

Prepare a general and particular idea, by diagram, of a belpost whilst in the process of "twinkling."

Draw a rapid sketch of "a stitch in time" in the very act of "saving nine."

Are you prepared to assert that the inhabitants of Berlin are more frivolous than other folks, inasmuch as they are always "on the Spree"?

Would you be of opinion that when a man "bites the dust" he does so because he is hungry?

State succinctly, and explain fully, to what *depth*, when your pa falls asleep after dinner, he generally falls.

Mirth and Misery.

THERE'S no sight so sad and dreary
As your bango player weary;
Sore of foot, of spirit broken,
Bearing on him every token
Of distress. Behold him scorning
Wind and rain on wintry morning.
What's his game? What is
he after?
To the show to waken laugh-
ter,
He is trudging—poor old
fellow!
Just to make the rustics bel-
low.
How should he be blithe and
merry,
Drunk with hunger, not with
sherry?
Sick of human grief and
folly,
He must make his fellows
jolly!
Wretched fate! Who would
not pity
This poor wretch that must
be witty!

**Christmas-time.**

FROM VARIOUS POINTS OF VIEW.

FROM MISS ADELINA PRETTIGALE, OF BELGRAVIA.

WHAT! Christmas-time again? Why, of course! This is December. How deliciously long the evenings are! One can enjoy one's self now. It is ever so much better than the stupid summer, when one doesn't get a decent dance from one week's end to another. And then, afterwards, when the time for shawling and muffling one in one's furs comes, and that dear, charming Charlie Warton sees one into the carriage—oh, isn't it jolly!

FROM MISS SALLY TATTERDEMAILON, PIGHEAD COURT, DRURY LANE.

Oh, yes, it's all werry well, thish yer weather, if yer well wropt hup; but if yer has to set on the kerb a-nussin' a heavy babby, an' nothin' but a hold shari ter keep yerself an' the kid from ketchin' cold, why it ain't so nice, I can tell yer. What's more, if yer doan't hev' no grub hall day, an' gets a wallop' when yer gets home acoss the kid's a-how lin' why, yer would wish the weather was warm again—come now!

FROM DR. FISSICUM, OF ANYWHERE, SUBURBIA.

Well, yes, I can't say I'm sorry to see a change. The weather this last week or two has been remarkably fine—remarkably fine. Now these foggy mornings and muggy evenings will bring us a little business again. We shall have a good deal—a good deal, I say—of catarrh—um—influenza—um—a little bronchitis—um—ah—and a few inflammations, I dare say. Yes, glad to see it, I must say—um—ah—

FROM ADOLPHUS NEWMAYRED, ESQ.

Really, the fire looks quite pleasant again, my darling. Indeed, I never knew what comfort was till now. How odd it seems, that we two should be sitting here, by our *own* fireside—our own, my dearest—exchanging these sweet confidences, when only a month ago we were sweethearts, and no more! Indeed, the evenings cannot be too long for me. It seems all like a dream. Only a month ago—and there you sit demurely looking at me out of your bright eyes as though we had been married years. Oh, Angelina, darling! I love you as—

FROM WILLIAM EVERYWETHER, OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.

"Not bad weather for the time of year," ye call it, do yer? Well, I should like yer to be stuck up here as long as I am, an' see how ye'd like it then. Don't want no sun-protector now, I can tell yer; a double-barrelled respirator to keep out this cussed fog 'ud be more in my line—it would so. Why, sir, it's eight o'clock in the morning when I goes into the yard for my fust journey, and now it's a quarter to twelve, and I've got to go as far as the Bank now. Why, what with the fog, an' the horses fallin' over this blessed hasfault, an' the tramways, an' the hun derground railways, it's comin' to this—

FROM BILL STUMPS, ENGINE-DRIVER, GREAT-NORTH-SOUTH-WESTERN LINE.

Yes, turns yer round it does, this time o' year. Ye see, guv'nor, we're bound to be exposed to the hatmuspheer, whoever else is under cover. An' it's the fog that gets hold on yer. Ye stand in front o' the fire, ye see, an' yer legs are hot as—well, they're hot, an' no mistake; while yer beard an' whiskers is dripping with wet. Ain't we partly under cover, d'ye say? Yes, most on us is now; but, Lord love yer! we're forced to keep our eyes skinned, and when a feller's got a lot o' coaches behind him, an' a long run afore him, why—oh, all right, Jim! I'm comin'.

FROM — SKULKER (CHRISTIAN NAME UNKNOWN), TO BE FOUND IN PUBLIC HOUSES PASSIM.

Weather? What's weather t' do 'er me? Don't care tup-tup-pens for weather, long's can manage ter keep on cold. Pays! Don't care who pays, either—norra bit. I'm allus thirsty, I am—summer an' winter, too. It's all same to me—all same. G'home, d'ye say? Shan'—shan' g' home till mornin'—dayligh' doth appear. Gorra lash—lash-key, an' don't care for no man—no, nor I—an' nobody care f me. Le's have noth—noth—(falls down). Wha's y' say, plecceman—get 'long out this? Shan'! Englishin' house's castle—public house my castle—shan' get 'long out if I know it, Bobby. Elephant an' Castle—see that, ol' man, eh?

FROM FATHER O'FAMERLEE, ESQ., OF WESTENDIA.

Bless my soul! why, here's Christmas right on to us again. Hardly got over seaside expenses yet, and by-and-bye I shall be bowled over by the Christmas bills. By Jove, though, that's the whistle of the 6.23. I shall miss it, I believe. Hi, guard! hold on a minute.



Joe Gibbons rehearsing one of his favourites. It would have been all very well if he had lived a thousand years ago; but now it's a bit stale.



A FRIEND TO ALL, A FOE TO NONE.



ALLY's grand mashemall dress caused a great sensation on Christmas Day. It was rumoured it was only a gown belonging to Mrs. S.; but 'tis a foul libel, says ALLY.



VERY KIND OF HIM.

Employer. Merry Christmas to you, my lad; Take four days' holiday, eat plenty of pudding, and come back as fat as I am.

HANDY HINTS TO TOURISTS FOR THE FORTHCOMING YEAR.



Siberia is the place for storm. Use the knout:—'t will make you warm!



Canada is the place to slide. Well wrapped up in soft bears' hide.



Ireland is the place for "patter." Go! dance as mad as any hatter.



Germany is the place to smoke. Go! get soaked, and eat black toke.



Switzerland is the place to tumble. Wreck yourself! but please don't grumble.



Paris is the place to spree. "Welsh" French "welshers" gay and free.



America is the place for "wheezes." Fireworks, tomfoolery—and cheeses.



Persia is the place for spice. Sweet dancing girls—Siestas nice.



China is the place for tea. Go! pinch the chim-chum's tootsies wee.



England is the place for sport. Strong nut-brown ale, ripe fruity port.



Scotland is the place for mist. Fine venison hot, and cold on chist.



Holland is the place to skate. Go! drink schiedam—and meet your fate.

A VERY "HUMANE" MAN.



Royal Humane Society Man. I say, gov'ner, yer looks damp. When yer gets home, git yer old 'ooman to put yer through the wringing machine, and hang yer over the clothes-horse to dry. If yer don't get some o' that water out of yer, yer won't be able to eat any Christmas dinner.



A CHRISTMAS RIDE.

Fitzgiff. Really (sniff) there must be something burning somewhere (sniff). Seems close by, too. (Three fire engines are pumping on him ten minutes later.)



THE XMAS SELL.—Indignation of Binns' friends to find the balliffs in, and nothing to eat or drink.



Xmas in ye gude olde dayes. He jostes merrily, then playes.



LEARNING A LESSON.

The Buggins, having lost their servants just before Christmas, determine to cook their Xmas dinner themselves, so therefore take lessons in pudding boiling and mince-pie making.



UNSEEMLY LEVITY.

Pantomime Frog (sings). "Don't yer Frog-get me." Juvenile Cupid. Bill Stiggins. I'm ashamed on yer, making luv to me when the "stage waits." Ouy wait till I gets yer up our court! I won't 'foreit yer!



THE CHRISTMAS TOAST.

"Absent Friends, coupled with the name of ALLY SLOPER, whose nose illumines and warms the day, and whose frame cumbers the streets at night."

BREVITY THE SOUL OF INVENTION



If the girl is tall, is the short man to be nonplussed?

No! by the great horn spoons!!

But what if she moves off?



Then wait for her

And when it is all over and the men have gone back with the shutter you can tell your wife all about the railway accident.

A GOOD OLD GAME.



A game of blind man's buff in ye olden times. Old Buffer captures the Belle of the evening, much to Belle's disgust, and kisses her. But it was a shame to do so, especially as he had been eating an onion half an hour previously. It spoilt her enjoyment, anyhow.



THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

A noble ancestor of Pickhead's making himself agreeable with his tenantry at Xmas-time. Yes, the Pickheads once had tenantry, though you may not think it.



THE COLD, COLD WORLD.

The Bungle Family, being rather hard up, go in for a night's "waiting." As yet they have received nothing but bootjacks and flat-irons.



Old Jobson. But Toby, my lad, why are you wearing that unearthly-looking coat? Toby. Fact is, my boy, I had to sell my only good pair of trousers to buy the turkey. The guests think I'm doing it for a lark. Keep mum, for Heaven's sake! Have a glass?



Hey, presto! Up goes the curtain, and here we have the New Year, as lively as a snake who has just had his tail trod on.

Another Hopeless Passion.

ALL my friends have told me that she doesn't care a bit about me, yet I can't believe it. She has told me so, several times, herself. I attribute these statements to that perversity which is a feminine characteristic. She has even gone as far as to say she absolutely loathed me. I look upon that observation as absurdly unlikely. I don't see how she could. I declared my passion about three months ago. She declined the offer of my hand, and I went and expostulated with her mother. When her mother had spoken to her, I spoke again. She declined once more, and was rather rude about it. I told her I could wait. She said, she rather thought I should have to. I put it to her, when we met again, whether the devotion of a lifetime might not tend to alter her feelings towards me. She said, that when the lifetime had expired, she would be better able to judge. I thought that if I let my beard grow, it might have some effect upon her. I let it, but it wouldn't. When I met her again, she derided me. The festive season was approaching. A great idea occurred to me. At Christmas time we have wassail. I could play a little upon the cornet. Suppose I did as the minstrels did of old?—suppose I serenaded her? I put on my greatcoat and goloshes—it was raining cats and dogs—and went and did it. I knew which was her chamber window, and in that window a light was burning. I played her many plaintive strains, and returned home wet through. She took no notice whatever. Next night it was raining rather harder. I was again at my post. As day was breaking, the chamber window opened. I approached, blowing a long, soft note. A hand appeared, with a pitcher in it, and I was drenched to the skin. Ah, she little thought whom she had thus cruelly outraged! I came next night, and was more plaintive than ever. This time the street-door opened, and a stalwart serving-man appeared. He said, "Are you the outrageous idiot that's been kicking up this fearful row the last three nights?" I said, "Fellow, I decline to answer!" He said, "I don't want no answer—only move on." I said, "Fellow, I shall only obey your young mistress's orders!" He said, "So shall I. She told me I was to give you something for yourself, and now you've got it!" It was true. I had. When I recovered my breath, I thought it best to go home. I did so, limping. My friends tell me that she cannot care for me, or she would never have had me kicked in that way. I am not convinced, though. If she did have me kicked, I don't think she meant to have had me kicked quite so hard. I shall serenade her again.

"Once a Year!"

CLEARAWAY all threads and thrums
Of the old world's making!
Once again King Christmas comes,
Sides with laughter shaking.
Let us meet him face to face,
Hold his hand in ours;
Let us deck his thronging place
With all Christmas flowers!
Let us bring the mistletoe,
With the holly wreath it,

Let us as we used to do
Meet and kiss beneath it!
Let's be innocent a while!
One pure hour will leaven
Much of grief and more of guile,
Lift us nearer Heaven.
So forget all threads and thrums
Of the old world's making,
Once again King Christmas comes,
Sides with laughter shaking.

The Great I.

(COMMUNICATED WITHOUT SOLICITATION.)

IN case some one should some day want to write my biography, I have jotted down a few notes as they came into my head.

I generally go to sleep on my left side.

I buy my boots of a man on the north side of the Strand. I forget his name at the moment, but they are not very good boots, and he wants ready money.

One of the best plays I ever saw in my life was at a little theatre in one of the midland counties, but the name of the piece has since escaped my memory.

When I am composing I usually close my eyes at brief intervals, and read my sentence before committing it to paper. My mother and sisters at such times speak in whispers, walk upon tiptoe, and call upon one another to be silent, as John is thinking. Sometimes I drop off to sleep in the midst of my thought, and my mother and sisters go on walking upon tiptoe, saying, "Hush!"

I usually compose on cold gin-and-water.

My mother and sisters have heard the greater part of my compositions up to the present time, and are properly impressed with them. They have urged me to publish. I am thinking it over.

My great-grandmother (maternal) was a good deal freckled.

I use a quill pen while composing. I suffer from corns.

[But the gentleman has forgotten to sign his name.—A. SLOPER.]

Beauty's Alphabet.

TO BE LEARNT FOR CHRISTMAS.

A STANDS for Annie whose smile is so sweet;
B is for Bella whose ankles are neat.
C is for Connie, whose eyes are so bright;
D is for Dolly, whose frills are so white.
E is for Ella, divine little pet;
F is for Flo in her drab ulsterette.
G is for Gertie, whose waist is so trim;
H is for Hetty, whose figure is slim.
I is for Ida in smartest of frocks;
J is for Jennie, with closely cropped locks.
K is for Katie all Gorton and Greek;
L is for Lilla, our sweet dimple-cheek.
M is for Milly, whose heart is so true;
N is for Nina, whose eyes are so blue.
O is for Olive, with "nightingale notes,"
P is for Poppy in short petticoats.
Q is for Queenie, whose skin is so fair;
R is for Rosie, with long sunny hair.
S is for Stella, quite fit for a queen;
T is for Totty—a Tomboy, I ween.
U is for Una, in exquisite shoes;
V is for Vi, an accomplished valseuse.
W for Winnie, a horsewoman bold;
X is for Xanthe, with riches untold.
Y is Ysult, in a Gainsborough hat;
Z is for Zoe, who's plump, but not fat.

Winter Notes for Gardeners.

Now is the time to rake out your fires and make up your beds; sew buttons on your flannel shirts, hoe your tailor for a greatcoat, and take care not to sow the seeds of consumption. Snowdrops may be expected from every roof, after the first fall of snow, and tulips will be found in great perfection under the mistletoe bough.

Essence of the British Drama.

EXTRACTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE PLAYGOERS WHOSE TIME IS PRECIOUS.

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

SCENE 1.—*Exterior of KEMMER'S Cottage, Windmill at back, Enter KEMMER.*

KEL. 'Tis true, Grindoff the miller, once my tenant, is now my landlord; this house, then let to him at an absurdly low rent, rates and taxes free, is now the only dwelling of the broken-hearted Kelmer! (Enter CLAUDINE with basket of grocery.) So, Claudine, you have returned!

CLA. Without you imagine you suffer from an optical delusion, father, I should consider that remark unnecessary. KEL. You love Lothair; but as he is poor and cannot afford to keep you and your old father, and Grindoff is rich and can, you can never wed Lothair. You see my unselfish motive.

CLA. I can never love the miller!

[Exit CLAUDINE into cottage. Enter LOTHAIR.]

KEL. Lothair, you dislike Grindoff, and suspect him?

LOT. I do. If I can prove my suspicions, give Claudine to me; if not, let her wed the miller.

KEL. I consent; but pray be careful. [Exit KEMMER into cottage.]

LOT. Yes, with the burnt cork of Christy minstrelsy my face shall be discoloured, and thus disguised I will throw myself into his power.

[Exit LOTHAIR to black up. GRINDOFF and KEMMER sitting at a table playing "Shove-halpenny." A storm without.]

Enter KEMMER, COUNT FRIBERG and his servant, KARL.

COUNT. Coming out without umbrellas, we crave shelter.

GRI. (aside). I'm off.

COUNT. Kelmer, who's your friend?

KEL. The richest tenant you have—Grindoff the Miller.

COUNT. And yet I could have sworn he resembled a butler of my father's, named Wolf, who subsequently bolted with the spoons.

SCENE 3.—*Depths of a forest. Stage dark. Enter LOTHAIR, disguised as a Christy Minstrel.*

LOT. Methinks I saw two figures gliding along the deep—nay, artful glen. They come! (Music of the future style. Enter RIBER and GOLOTZ cautiously, and advance to a cave concealed by a bed of nettles.)

LOT (suddenly). Boo-oo! (ROBBERS start.)

GOL. What is your little game?



This is the Tableau.

LOT. To join your band. Lead me to your chief. RIB. We will. But first to conceal your sight. (Takes off one of his bucket boots, and conceals LOTHAIR'S head with same.) [Exit into cave.]

SCENE 4.—*A cavern. Powder Magazine at back. BANDITTI, disguised as a supers, drinking out of property goblets. A bugle is heard without. (LOTHAIR is brought in by RIBER and GOLOTZ.)*

GRINDOFF (at the head of the table). Ah, a stranger!

LOT (removing boot with difficulty—aside). Grindoff!

GRI. Your name and business?

LOT. Brown to join your band, and kill your enemy, Count Friberg.

GRI. 'Tis well. Let the installation poker and gridiron be heated.

And now we will drink to the Miller and his Men! [Exit.]

LOT. Now, this cavern is immediately below the mill; my intention, therefore, is to blow up the whole concern. (Takes a box of fuses from his bosom, and retires up to the magazine, when bugle without. ROBBERS start up, and enter GRINDOFF with the insensible CLAUDINE in his arms.)

GRI. Quick, some one! let not your leader fall under this lovely burden—she is heavy. (ROBBERS assist GRINDOFF to lay CLAUDINE on to rock at back.) And now to dispose of Kelmer and that noodle Lothair. Come—away! You, Brown, remain and guard the captive.

[Exit GRINDOFF and BANDITTI.]

Enter RAVINA with something in a black bottle; she glances at CLAUDINE.

RAV. Another victim! And now to drown the sorrows of my heart! (Applies bottle to her lips. LOTHAIR snatches it from her.)

LOT. Hold, misguided woman! (drinks contents.)

RAV. And who is he that dares to school me thus!

LOT. The affianced husband of Claudine. Behold! (Wakes CLAUDINE, who utters his name. They embrace.) Now, who are you?

RAV. The wretched wife of the robber chief, Wolf!

LOT. You shall be avenged. (Gives a box of fuses to RAVINA.)

SCENE 5.—*Exterior of the Mill, access to which is by a Drawbridge. Enter KEMMER and Count FRIBERG with soldiery; at the same time GRINDOFF appears from the mill in miller's dress.*

KEL. Ah, Grindoff! where is my daughter?

GRI. Villain! (seizes KEMMER.)

KEL. Thou art the villain! (Knocks GRINDOFF'S hat off, and discloses the features of WOLF.)

COUNT. 'Tis he! the same! Wolf, the absconding butler! Yield!

GRI. Never! (rushes to mill and draws up the bridge after him.) What ho, within there! (BANDITTI appear at all parts of the mill.)

COUNT. Ah, he has escaped!

GRI. Quick, let my bride appear. (A vampire trap opens, and LOTHAIR, CLAUDINE, and RAVINA are shot on to the stage.)

GRI. Ah, traitress! (shies a pistol at her; she ducks, and it strikes the big drum in the orchestra.)

KEL. (to LOTHAIR). And who art thou?

LOT. (produces a sponge). Behold! (wipes burnt cork off his face.)

ALL. Lothair!

[LOTHAIR takes fusee from RAVINA, applies it to the train, a loud explosion follows, and portions of GRINDOFF and the BANDITTI are seen flying in the air; the remaining virtuous characters form into an interesting tableau, on which CURTAIN descends.]



Grindoff the Robber.

Proverbs Called to Account.

"A PENNY for your thoughts."—An enormous waste of current coin of the realm in the great majority of cases.

"A man may love his house, and yet not ride on the ridge."—He'd be a fool if he did, that's all. Who is the author of this proverb, that A. SLOPER may treat him to a Christmas glass of grog to sharpen his wits?

"A penny saved is twice earned."—What great workers misers must be, if this be true!

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."—Suppose it don't, what then? When the moss is gathered, mayn't we say *cui bono*? Besides, anything is better than stagnation.

"Better is a dinner of herbs in peace, than a stalled ox and contention therewith."—Most people would prefer the stalled ox, and put up with the "contention therewith." Habit, we are assured, is second nature.

"Charity begins at home."—Thanks for this hint, and it being Christmas-tide, and consequently a charity to treat any individual whomsoever, let us liquor, having the authority of the saying of some sage or other for so doing.

Calendrical, 1888.

JANUARY.

SLIPPERY ground,
Bump, bruise, graze,
Grows all round,
Thirty-one days.

FEBRUARY.

Sleet and drizzle,
Splash, splosh, splays;
Old maids grizzle,
Twenty-nine days.

MARCH.

Nasty rude gust
Girls' fringe frays;
Smothered with dust,
Thirty-one days.

APRIL.

Sunshine and showers,
Skippy lambkin plays;
Ruins pretty flowers,
Thirty days.

MAY.

Thin garb for wear
The doctor gainsays;
Miasma in the air,
Thirty-one days.

JUNE.

Roast lamb and mint,
Richmond's braes;
Cocktails without stint,
Thirty days.

JULY.

Smoking hot sun,
Moss-grown ways;
Picnic and bun,
Thirty-one days.

AUGUST.

The Margate boat,
Fresh seaside sprays;
Clean off the "tote!"
Thirty-one days.

SEPTEMBER.

Partridge popping,
Ponto 'Arry hops;
Kisses while haying,
Thirty days.

OCTOBER.

Northern gales,
Boot-clogging days;
Sharp tithe sales,
Thirty-one days.

NOVEMBER.

Dank, rolling fog,
The leaf decays;
Aldermen agog,
Thirty days.

DECEMBER.

Discordant waits,
Punch, holly, bays;
Hot, aching pates,
Thirty-one days.

Goodge's Ghost and the Ghost of the Other Fellow.

IT was a wild, dark night in December, the wind came and went in fitful gusts, surging after one another like the waves of a tempestuous ocean, roaring and broiling amidst the chimneypots, and screaming through the deserted streets.

'Twas indeed fearsome weather to be out in, and nobody was who could help it. There was but one solitary policeman to be seen, the unhappy wretch told off to take care of the Temple Bar Memorial, and the wind had blown his helmet off. Above, faintly discernible against the inky sky, was the rampant Griffin, clenching his teeth to keep his tail on.

'Twas upon this night that I, Solomon Chodd, master mariner, returning from a voyage to the East Indies, first set foot in London at the Temple Pier, and, crossing the Embankment, made my way to Fleet Street in search of food.

I had not been in London for twenty-six years, and I found things greatly changed. I did not know Fleet Street when I came upon it at first. After awhile, however, I recognized the Temple gateway, and the pawnbroker's at the corner of Chancery Lane, and then I knew where I was, and presently found the object of my search, the "Welsh Rabbit Inn."

Yes, there it was, seemingly much the same as when I last saw it, at the top of a long passage, dimly lighted by one flickering gas-jet.

There used to be a deuced fine girl in the little bar when I was last in town. I looked for her as I passed, but the bar was empty, and I followed the passage farther on, to the long low-ceilinged dining-room. It was empty, too. There was a fire smouldering faintly—the lights turned low. The place looked just exactly as it did when I last saw it, but there was a strange chilly loneliness about it I could not account for. I gave the fire a poke; I turned the gas up; and, tapping a table with my stick, called "Waiter!" with all the strength of my lungs.

"They want waiking up here," said I aloud. I little dreamt what strange import there was in those words.

From out the dim obscurity of a distant box rose at my call a lank, sandy-haired, colourless man, who, napkin in hand, gravely approached me. I gave my orders—a chop well-done, and baked potatoes. He gravely bowed, and glided silently away; and I took up a newspaper, and began to read. How odd!

I could have sworn I had read something like this ever so long ago. The death of the Duchess of Kent, the taking of the seventh census, litigation in connection with Essays and Reviews. "Bless me, but all this was going on when I left England. What is this paper, so far behindhand in its news? The *Morning Post*, and reduced to threepence per copy unstamped! It must be the reduction of the price, and they could not afford to get newer news. Stop a bit, though. What's this date? 1st Oct., 1861!"

But the waiter had brought the chop—tender enough in all conscience, for the knife seemed to go through it as through air; but it was nearly raw, and again I called the waiter.

By-the-way, who was that waiter? I remembered his face in an instant, but could not remember his name. Ah! was it Goodge? I called "Goodge."

From the same box as the other had come from then came Goodge. But Goodge was not the same waiter. Of course, I knew Goodge again when I saw him. A cadaverous man, with a bald head and a purple nose. There was no mistaking Goodge, and he smiled at me when he appeared. "This chop wants more cooking," said I; "and bring me a pint of stout."

As he slowly left the room I looked at my watch. It was exactly nine. Again I turned to the paper, wondering how on earth it happened that so old a one should be lying there. I was too hungry to read; but I waited as patiently as I could. Again I looked at my watch. A quarter past nine. I shouted the bell-handle; it came off in my hand. I stirred the fire; the glowing embers seemed to shiver at my touch, and in a moment faded to cold, white ashes, and the gas of its own accord turned itself low. Then of a sudden an awful terror took possession of me, and I seized my hat and fled from the house, and down the passage, now pitch dark and silent as the grave.

A week later, meeting an old friend, I casually mentioned these curious circumstances. "Goodge," said he, "I know whom you mean, and, by heavens! it is a strange story. Goodge has been waiter at the 'Red Lion' for the last fifteen years; but he fell down dead last Tuesday night, at nine o'clock, when he was in the very act of carrying in my chop. He left the 'Welsh Rabbit,' you know, when it was pulled down."

I had been, then, to the ghost of an inn, being served by the ghost of a waiter. What did it all mean, and who was the other ghost? Blessed if I know!

Full to the Bung.

BOXING DAY was McGooseley's birthday, and a deputation from the office, headed by the office-boy, proceeded to the "Sloper Arms" to present him with a gift, in the shape of a box of seidnitz powders. After awhile, when he had succeeded in comprehending what it all meant, he straightened himself up, and, leaning against the bar, waved his hand, as though attempting to catch imaginary bluebottles, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I'm—I'm—gentlemen, ash I shed b'fore, I'm—I'm—gentlemen, fact ish, gentlemen, I'm too full for utterance."

Christmas.

BY A YOUTHFUL INF.

CRISMASS kumse but wunse a year. I do not want enny more Crismasses of the saim kinde i am going to tel you abowte. It was two daise before Crismass Dai last yeere, the wether had bene on the freeze, and sno lai thickly on the ground. Gorge Parker and me went slideing on the Teme, wich was ise all over. We enjoyed this sport till twilite dissended on the seen, and a lite rane began to kum down. People took off their skatse, put up their umbrellas and slipt awai by degrese.

Gorge and me went on slideing. Presently there was a crack! and we fel in together. N.B.—If i had not had the presense of mind to stand on Gorge so as to kepe mi hed above the surfais of the water, i should not hay bene abel to kall for help, and the adventur wold doutless have terminated in two smal fsewerals from the saim squair.

But i skreemed and sum poleesmen pickt us owte, and took us home in blankets. N.B.—This nite i gott owte of bedd firmly pirsawaded that mi hed was a larg plum-pudeing, and wen my relletives apeared upon the seen i was in the akt of cuteing a pees owte of it with wun of my bruther's (the eldist wun's) razers. After that alle was kayoss til i woke up feleing verry kweer and without enny voyse to speek of. A gentleman in blak was leaning over me. My relashuns were grieved abowte the bed were i riposed in attitude of greef. Everyboddy loked like Gorge Parker's ante didd wen the baby didd of the meezles. N.B.—i tride to ask what it was all abowte, but my voyse refused to kum to the surfis.

"Yu hev bene verry ill, my little chap," sais the gentleman in blak. N.B.—He was the doktor i afterwardse found owte. Mi femail parent giv a grone as he sed theese wurd, and shedd teers. N.B.—So didd everybody present ixept the doktor. A horrid suspishon flasht upon mi minde, and after tryeing severel timse i managed to ask him what dai it was.

"It is Crismass Dai, mi pore boy," sais he verry kindly. My a-semblid relashuns groned againe. I tride to say "Horay!" but it was no yeuse. Beside, if this was Crismass Day, where were its yusual akumpaniments? Were were the presentse? Were was the tisekake? Were was the puding? I strove to speek, but sumthing choked mi utterance.

"Will you not see Mr. Booner, mi beloved child?" sais mi femail parente. N.B.—Booner is the leen, lank Qurit, with the holow voyse, who is in luv with mi sister (the eldist wun). I tride to say blow Booner, but failed, and shook mi hed instead.

"Do you know how verry ill you are, mi littel felow?" sais the doktor. I noded as wel as i was abel.

"Yu will not be long with us, mi beloved Games," sais my femail progenitor, sheddeing fresh teers. Mi other relletives rased a general wail, and i begunn to see what it all ment.

"Am i really going to die, sir?" sais i to the doktor.

"I am afraide so, my dear boy," sais he.

Going to die on Crismass Day! i thought of the puding, and begun to cri.

"It is a beestly shaim!" i managed to mermer.

"Are you in pane! Tel me what is the mater, my pore littel felow," sais the doktor, leaning over me.

"I should like wun littel bit of puding before i go," sais i, morn fully. "They will have done diner wen i get up there, and i fele so hungry!"

The doktor rushed goyously from the appartment, skattering mi affiktet relletives rite and left. In an instant he riturned with a steeming plaitful of dillishus puding, blazing with brandy.

"Am i gueing to die now, sir?" i sed, when i had cleered it alle upp, for i felt queer and sleepy.

"Not this time, mi boy!" sais he, lafeing.

And he was rite. In a weke from that dai i was as wel as ever.

Moral—N.B.—Nevver deni a littel boy who is sik ennything he setse his hart on.

Seasonable Weather.



So well wrapped up from top to toe,
Bemuffled, becoated, and befurred,
You venture out in winter's snow,
By dread of chilblains undeterred;
You give a little shudder as you tread the whitened heather,
And shiver while exclaiming "What nice seasonable weather!"
Jack Frost has kissed your face each side
And flushed your cheek with tint of rose,
And now emboldened he has dyed
With deeper pink your ears and nose;
And melting snow through boots will soak however thick the leather,
And damp your little tootsies this "seasonable weather."

At home in cosy, well-warmed room
Forgotten soon is frost and snow,
As heeding not the twilight's gloom
You nestle in the Yule-log's glow.
Well-loved and cared for, you, with heart as light as any feather,
Think little of the sick and poor this "seasonable weather."

Those who have naught but threadbare shawl
About their shivering forms to fold,
Must wander forth at hunger's call
Through piercing wind and biting cold,
Who tramp the ice-bound roads, and trudge across the snow-clad heather,
Who starve and die for want of aid this "seasonable weather."

With eager eyes they long and gaze,
They hunger o'er an empty plate,
For there no cheering Yule-logs blaze,
They shiver o'er a fireless grate.
Midst cold and want they sadly yearn to break life's fitful tether,
And fade to death, unwept, uncared, this "seasonable weather."

Give them some little help at least,
Turn not the suffering from your door.
Are some to starve while others feast?
Think you that this is Heaven's law?
Regard the poor on every side, work heart and hand together,
And pity the unfortunate this "seasonable weather."

At 'Arry's Christmas Party.

'Arry. I say, 'Arriet, I've made up a riddle. Why's a gal like a glove?
'Arriet. I dunno, 'Arry.

'Arry. 'Cos she ain't much bloomin' good without a fellow. Ha, ha, ha!

The Baron von Blundenblitz.

"ZSTRANGE zat dthis is ze dthind dtime I haf meet you go skate to ze Welsh 'Arrp, Mees Hilda," said the Baron von Blundenblitz to the fast little Miss Bangington.



Then Hilda laughed merrily, and in her free-and-easy way linked her arm to the Baron's.

"Your egg-treme gondes-cension in blacing yourself onder my brotection on ze ice, Mees Hilda, gif me most 'cavenly bleasure," continued the Baron.

"I poot myself entire at your disposal."

"Oh, you dear kind man!" ejaculated Hilda, ecstatically.

"In my gountree," resumed the Baron, "ve haf great skate. I vind my vortune on ze ice. I virst meet

my poor dear vife dthere, my belovedt Gretchen, ven she go blamp-squash in vater, andt I zave her at risks of my life. Ach! she was grateful, vas ze wealthy viddow, Blossendorf, zo she marriet me next week after. Mein Gott! but ve vould haf lif vun year 'appy as the durdle-dove's coo-coo, hadt it nodd been vor her vat, ogly pog-dog, and her vat, ogly cousin, Captain Fritz. Ach! Himmel! she die zudden, poor latie."

"Dear me, how sad!" sighed Hilda. "Pray tell me how it hap-pened."

"Vell, Mees Hilda, she vood go skate againsdt my eggspressa gom-mands mid her vat, ogly cousin, Captain Fritz, and her vat, ogly pog-dog. I vollow, mid zadeness in my heart, andt dtears in my eyes. Dthen I vatch her skate away, and drip over her vat, ogly pog-dog. She glutch at her vat, ogly cousin, and in a moment all dthree vas straggole in ze vater."

"And you gallantly attempted her rescue again?" cried Hilda. "Oh! you brave man."

"Der Teufel!—no!" replied the Baron; "I stand on prink and zay, 'You haf disobey me, mein frau, still you haf left me your money; zo now I leave you in ze gompny you like best. Mays you enjoys it! Zat is fair. Not zo!"

"How cruel!" ejaculated Hilda.

"Nein, Mees Hilda. She vas cruel, she pull my vond heart to viddle-strings, she vas vicket, but it is now past, and I am free, rich, cholly viddower."

"You are wanted, Hans Schweinhundt, and you'd better come quietly," growled a hard-featured man, tapping the Baron on the shoulder.

"This is the Baron von Blundenblitz!" exclaimed Hilda, haughtily, to the offending person.

"Oh, no, he ain't," laughed the hard-featured party. "He's Hans Schweinhundt, waiter at the Restaurant Gourmandais, Soho, and I've got warrants out against him for embezzling his employer's money, and committing trigamy. Now, come along, 'Baron,' sharp as you like."

He went!

Christmas, the Pacificator.

With our pockets full of money,
And our barrels full of beer,
While our tables groan beneath the weight
Of affluent good cheer,
Old Christmas teaches charity,
Peace everywhere prevails,
As long as turkey rules the roast,
And pudding never fails.
Beneath the genial influence
Which on good living tends,
We feel that we could hug our elves
And idolize our friends.
With every Christian sentiment
Each British bosom glows,
And if they'd only break their necks,
We could forgive our foes.

A Little Episode.

I AM afraid I am growing a little *passé*. I don't look as well as I did once upon a time, unless I have on quite a lot of pearl powder. It is indeed time that I settled down, and turned over a new leaf, and left off being the light-hearted frivolous child of nature I have been these thirty-two years, and begin to think seriously of getting settled.

When I look round, though, who is there I ought to settle on? Well, there are several whose attentions have most decidedly been marked—at least, rather so.

When I come to think of it, this is Christmas Day.

How odd!

Now, if any of them have any serious intentions, I should not at all wonder at their sending me a Christmas present.

Silly, yet pretty custom, and so much easier for a bashful man than your stupid formal declaration!

As I live, too, there is the postman over the way!

What a lot of letters he has!

Christmas Cards and Greetings, I'll be bound, every one of them.

And some of them such large packages!

Let me see, now—but yet I must not be seen, or some malicious person will say that I am on the look-out.

There's quite a packet for the Smiths. Stupid, dressed-up dolls! I can't imagine what any one can see in them—but, as a rule, men are such fools.

Nothing for Miss Jackson. How dreadfully savage she will be! But there! what can a stupid old thing like that expect?

Six or seven, at least, for that odious young widow. I don't know what you may say to it, but I call it disgusting.

Goodness gracious me! he is crossing over.

How my heart beats!

Yes, he is actually coming to this house.

He has entered at the garden gate. Shall I run down myself, or leave Jane to open the door as usual?

I'll run down.

Jane is scampering upstairs, but I am before her.

Still thy throbbings, fooling little flutterer!

I allude to my heart.

Two letters.

No. 1. Something from the County Court for papa.

No. 2. Something in a stupid vulgar lace envelope—something for Jane.

Desolation! Despair!

Directions for the Cold Weather.

A. SLOPER is anxious to give a few hints to all persons. Should a crowd of unemployed pass through the street in which the reader resides, he or she should at once run briskly to the gate or door and give as much money as he or she can afford: great relief would be the effect of this exercise. Much benefit may be derived still earlier in the morning, in bed, by reflecting on the discomfort of sleeping in a shed or barn, or on a door-step, in this inclement season. The remainder of the day may be beneficially spent in looking in the news papers for advertisements of charities, and sending off post-office orders, or cheques.

A Song of Surbival.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

I SENT my Love a Christmas Card
In joyous days of long ago;
It cost me two-and-nine, in hand,
And for its style the price was low;
The middle held a Heart of Pain
Transfixed by Passion's flaming shaft,
'Neath which two lovers trod a lane
To distant church, whereto with craft
Sweet Cupid beckoned them, and laughed.
My Love sent back that Christmas Card
With bitter words of doubt and scorn;
My love, she said, she would retard;
I wept to think I had been born.
I locked it in an escritoire,
My bleeding heart I stanchly bound,
And vowed that never maiden more
Should wake it from its stony stound!
But Time will pass, and Memories fade,
As comets whoosh across the blue;
I swore to love no other maid,
And thought the words I spoke were true;
Yet once again sweet Christmas-tide
Holds festal anniversary;
And that sweet form I strove to paint
In colours that should never die
On Life's pale tablet hath waxed faint
'Neath fresh-limbed features scarcely dry,
Alas! a Mortal Thing am I!
So forth I take this Card of mine,
Long-boarded 'midst dead leaves of rue,
And watch its varied colours shine
Certain as they were purchased new;
Once more swift-launched on Passion's tide
The fragile bark goes speeding down.
Sail safely to my promised bride
O Christmas Card! (Her name is Brown.
That dodge has saved me half-a-crown.)

The New Year.

BY A FOND SON.

WHENEVER an old year is quite worn out they have a new year ready to be laid on. I don't know how it's done. Perhaps it's like the beer in our cellar; but I never heard of any pipe for waste hours or days. I suppose they run away when nobody's heeding. My yes!

New Year's Day isn't always on a Sunday; but generally, ma says, on the first of January. That seems to me rot.

I always know New Year's Day, because papa gives a dinner-party to some men with short petticoats. They are Scotchmen. They shove a lot of brown gunpowder up their noses. Pa says it's snuffin'. I know it's summing—you bet! All they say is, "Pass the whuskey." They make a great noise sometimes, and sing "Collared Herring" and "Ye Bandside Brays." Nobody knows what they mean. Then they ask for more whuskey. Then they finish up with "For Aldgate Sign, Peek Freen!" Then they have all to be carried out by the servants.

Then the remainder are left under the dining-room table till to-morrow.

Then (—, the governess, says I have too many "theus.")

Ma never puts out the best silver on New Year's Day. I told one of the Scotchmen that once. He said "Git awa." Their language is strange, and its acquirement is an acquired taste. (Governess said that.)

Pa always goes somewhere to "bring in the New Year," and has always to be brought in himself very late by J. Thomas, our butler.

It's all lies on pa's part. The New Year comes in itself. I know, for I have heard them ringing the bells. I don't know who opens the door.

Last year we were very worried. The gold clock in the drawing-room was five minutes faster than the brass clock in pa's study, and when the New Year came in by the one clock, the other year gave him such a kick that ma thought we were going a year ahead by mistake; and pa said that wouldn't do at her age at all. Then ma frowned awful.

Nevertheless (governess has just looked over that word, and says it's all right), ma and pa have gone to bed wishing me a happy New Year.

The Amaranthine Queen.

Now '87 is lost to sight,
Upspringeth '88 so bright,
With radiant joy and fresh delight,
And promise of enjoyment.

To gladden thus Life's fleet-

ing day

With visions beautiful and

gay,

Is Hope's divine employ-

ment.

When years wax old, as wax

they will—

One never knew a year stand

still,

And, what is more, one never

will,

So swiftly they pursue

one;

Time little recketh how they

glide—

He flings the ancient ones

aside,

And straight sets up a new

one.

Where go old years when

they are dead?

And where old deas, whose

glory's fled?

Alas! my heart, where now

have sped

Lost youth and grace en-

thralling?

All are gone to Pluto's

shore—

On earth they'll never flou-

rish more—

They've vanished past re-

calling.

Tootsie, the only faileless

rose

In all Time's wreath, more brightly blows,
And every day more brightly grows—
The Queen of Spinsters pretty.
Each year that o'er her head has past,
But left her younger than the last,
More elegant, more witty.





(Her Brother) Auntie I have brought you one of the proper articles and now I would like my Sunday drawers back again



Indigestion pure and simple.



Here, boy, carry my bags. I want to put my hands in my pockets—they're cold.

A-HUNTING HE DID GO.



Toggles starts on Bank Holiday morn as smart as you could wish anyone to be. When he returned, what a change was there. He is at present laying in bed, waiting for some one to lend him money to buy a suit of clothes, the other being too much of a wreck to think of putting on.



THE VANISHING GENTLEMAN. A trick that can be seen performed at most skating parties.



THE MASHERS' DELIGHT—On view at most of our pantomimes during the Christmas season.



They went skating. And alas! they know it well. They were once sound in wind and limb, but now twig the change.



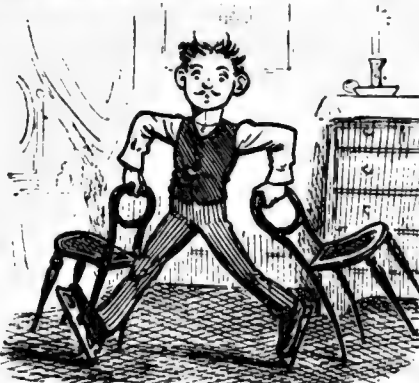
1. "How beautifully Lord Henry skates!" murmured Maomi, as her doe-like eyes followed his lordship's lithe figure sliding over the glassy surface of the lake. "You skate, Mr. Brown?" asked she, turning to our hero, who, gracefully sucking at the knob of his cane, stood by her side.



2. "Well, not at present," replied he; then suddenly, "Oh, Miss Maomi, let us talk not of skating, but of love! Maomi, I have long longed to tell you, but hitherto dared not dare—I love you! Be mine!" and he knelt in the snow. "Mr. Brown," replied the girl, "if you could skate like Lord Henry, I would."



3. "Oh! is that a dargma, adorable girl?" cried he, rapturously. The answer was, "If you can skate like him during this frost, I will be your wife." That night a solitary figure might have been seen with anguished howling wallowing over the lake. The trusty blades he wore were those of ache-me skates.



4. Sore, but yet undaunted, young Brown, for 'twas he, eventually sought his chamber. Then bumps aroused the sleepers beneath. He was practising with the aid of two chairs, and would have gone on all right had not the aforesaid sleepers warningly banged on the ceiling with a poker.



5. So he retired to rest, and was soon dreaming that he could not only with graceful ease cut out all sorts of figures on the ice, but also the hateful Lord Henry; and that he was joined in his gyrations by the ethereal Maomi as his affianced bride, and that they two, in elegant costumes, were the centre of attraction.



6. Awake at 5.30; he by candle-light, hastily tubbed and dressed, snatched up his skates, rushed downstairs, unbolted the front door, and stood in the dripping rain, slush and thaw. Our hero is still single, and Maomi is undecided between Lord Harry and his father the earl.

COERCION WITH A VENGEANCE.



Low Street Child. Out o' the way, guv'nor! Can't yer see I'm in a 'urry? Tip us out a tanner, else me and my mate will lay yer down and pelt yer till yer dead. [Old man parts.]

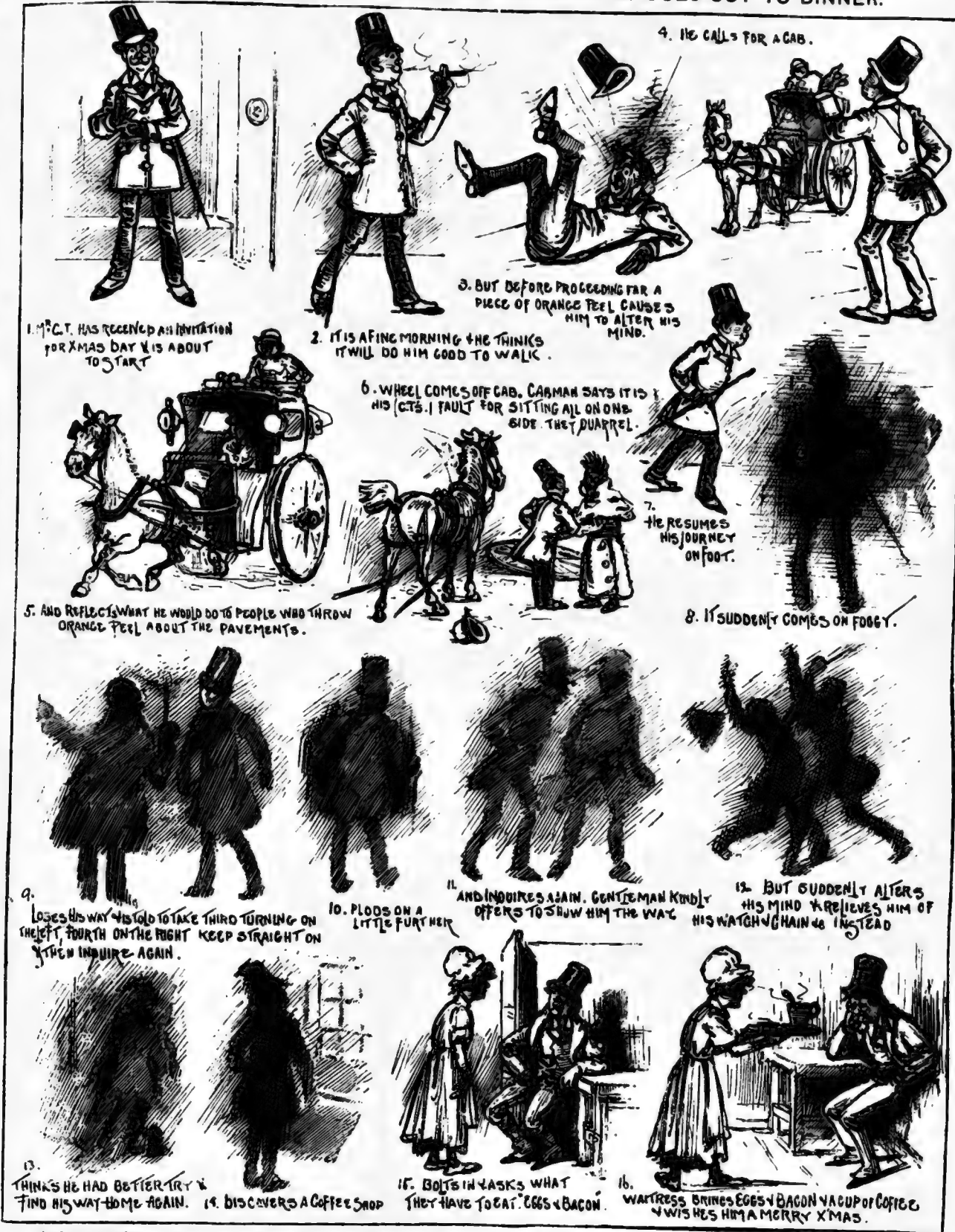


SOME NIGHTMARE PROVIDERS



The bold, bad king of the pantomime.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—MR. CHRISTOPHER TOPBOTTOM GOES OUT TO DINNER.



And, if you please, after all his sufferings, the people who had invited him chose to disbelieve every word of the story. This is a hard world.



RATHER COOL.
Barmaid (at "Sloper Arms"). Bottle of best
whisky? three-and-sixpence, sir.
Shifter (taking it). Thanks, my dear. Tell
your master to put it down to me as a Christ-
mas box. Good day.



THE CLUB GOOSE.
"Nothing like leather? Go on; nothing like
tough goose!"

RIVALS IN LOVE.
TIME—CHRISTMAS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



Rivals in love—one poor and one rich:
One she will marry—none can tell which.
She loves the poor one, he's handsome and spry,
Yet weds the other—the question is, why?

Love in a cottage does not her taste suit:
She loves luxury, tho' shared with a brute.
The rich man chuckles—the poor one does sigh,
"Why she married him!" That's the reason why.



NOT TO BE HAD.
Angelina (insinuatingly). Is that mistletoe above us, Mr.
Graves?
Mr. Graves (not to be taken on at any price). Yes, Miss
Angelina, it is; we had better move away, people stare so.



Dear and jolly Father,
With that happy smile—
A greeting to you? Rather:
You make it worth our while.



Dear Gussie admiring the lovely cat which gives the title
to this year's Christmas fare.



Ye Herald of ye dayes gone bye announcing ye coming
of Christmas.

Some New Year Sentiments.

BY OUR "BOSKY" BABBLER.

"Now, or never!" Exactly and precisely my sentiments. Now (or never) is the time to turn over that "new leaf" there has been so much talk about, and begin the New Year as we mean to go on with it. "That new leaf!" A-ha! I be-leaf you, my boy! Now's the time. Just so. Now—eh!—or never!

What a sweetly sweet sentiment is this—"A Happy New Year and many of them!" How brimful (ain't it, now?) of brotherly (and sisterly) love and charity! How it breathes (just don't it!) the true message of peace and goodwill to— What say, Jane! The butcher's Compliments of the Season, and will I oblige him with a little of his Christmas bill? Well, of all the— Oh, bother! Dash! Hang it all, you know!

When one comes to look back, you know, what a disappointing brute of a twelvemonth last year was. Every blessed thing, somehow, seemed to go wrong. Not even one of my good resolves put into practice, or resolutions carried out. . . . Eh? Well, I have the whole coming year now before me: to make up for it. . . . H'm! A—a—ye-es, don't yer know! A—a—exactly.

After all, though, what is the good of looking back at all? Now's the time, if ever, to look forward. . . . What? There's that bill for seventeen ten will mature next week. . . . O-h!

There is, however, just this one thing to be thankful for—with the end of the Old Year, there is an end, also, thanks to the Stores' cash system, of all calls upon one, so, with what little cash I have left, I can go to the play and enjoy myself with this evening. . . . Wha-at? The grocer's and baker's boys, the chimney sweep, the turncock, and the postman called again for their Christmas boxes! . . . Oh, I say—hang! Dash! Confound!

A New Year's Peal.



WING high, swing low, the mad bells go
With cheery clang and clatter—
Ding-dong-dang-dong! rings out their
song
With a joyous peal and patter.
A toll ding-dong! a knell to wrong
And doubts and fears will vanish;
We ring ding-dong! let care go haug,
And tears and sighs we'll banish.
Ding-dang-deng-dong! despair is
strong,
But hope and love are stronger!
Then sing clang-clang! with cheerful
tongue—
Grief's long, but life is longer!
Clash! clash! clash! clash! with din
and crash
Their tongues united rattle;
And ding-dong-bell! their voices swell
In a rolling song of battle.

Let's fight ding-ding! 'gainst everything
That makes us sad and cheerless—
Swing high, swing low! we'll front the foe
With brave hearts, firm and fearless.
Dong-deng-ding-dang! for pain and pang,
Small aches endure the longest,
Then sing clang-clang! if nerves be wrung,
Pain's strong, but life is longest!

The Dining-Room Floor.

SHE could have till New Year's Day. Gentlemen were gentlemen (meaning they paid better), although, when letting was bad, ladies was ladies—certainly. That was what the landlady said.

Miss Tottie sat with folded hands, and considered how—"He could not entertain his friends rightly without the dining-room floor." She was "the dining-room floor." Yet it had just been acknowledged she gave less trouble than any other single lady of a lodger.

It was an abrupt, brick-wall corner. Miss Tottie ought to have been on the look-out—but she wasn't. At the very extremity of its angle she came jolt against a manly, big-breast form. Smash!

"Confound! Er—good gracious! What is it?" looking down.

"Eggs—two eggs!" said Miss Tottie.

"Shop!" "New-laid."

The answers were given so simply that the man stopped and peered closer. She was not wealthy clad.

"Let me refund. Will fourpence—?"

She looked up aghast, and fled past him out of sight.

"Offended—poor. No doubt asked a friend in to tea—an egg each!"

A smart rap came at Miss Tottie's door next evening. Her "Come in" was answered by "the gentleman of the corner."

"You know who I am!" taking the seat she barely indicated.

"Yes," she said, a little indignantly; "the gentleman who wants me—I mean my room—and so I am going to leave on New Year's Eve."

"I think not," he replied quietly. "Those eggs" (twinkling) "enlightened me. I have spoken to the landlady. Pray remain."

"You—really?" Miss Tottie's countenance kindled. "Do you mean it? I shall never find such rooms as these. Oh, thank you. But your—things. I must not forget them."

"Trousers. Quite right, thank you—don't show a mark."

"Do you know," said Miss Tottie, when he rose to depart, "I felt very bitter against you. Men always get the best of everything. I was sure it would be so with you. And now—do you really honestly mean I shall stay on? Ladies are only good out of season, the landlady says."

"All the year round," twinkling again, and stirring up anew the flush and flutter in her countenance. "Houestly. Of course!" and down went his fist on a puffy little paper-bag which he had not perceived, whilst spish and splutter flew yolk and white, over lappel, waist and trousers. How could she help it? She laughed. He laughed. But not just at first, not until she flew away for water and towel.

"I shall come again, with your permission."

He came again—and again. In fact, it was a double case of "a-gain."

He took the dining-room floor just at Christmas-time.

The Demon Fog.

I AM the Demon Fog! and who
Shall say what deeds I cannot do?
Your million-peopled city I
Can lord it over and defy.
I wrap the moon in vapours dun,
With mustard-poultice swathe the sun,
Pour pea-soup on the zephyrs clear,
And make you chew the atmosphere.
Your domes and pinnacles so proud
In filthy fumes do I enshroud.
My fetid breath, where'er it fleets,
Spreads death and darkness through your streets.
With sceptre shadowy but true,
I am your king, my slaves are you.
Oh, blame me not! Like Frankenstein,
You've made the monster you malign.
From smoke and soot, you luckless elves,
You've shaped the Demon Fog yourselves.
My homicidal course I'll run,
And choke you all one day for fun!

A Christmas Yule-Log.

IN these villainous days—I don't mean to be rude, And would simply avoid being misunderstood—In these days, then, of villas sprung up in a night, Like the pantomime scenes in which children delight, These are built on designs so contracted and small It is rarely we find a baronial hall. And perhaps 't is as well, for if Smith, Brown & Co.'s Inner walls were beliened with pikes, guns, and bows, With windows repeating in hues rich and rare Armorial bearings invented with care, They might deem themselves knights of the time of King John And ruin the armour by trying it on. But yet, should their chimneys be framed as of yore, No modern grate cumbering the ember-lit floor, Our yule-log might flourish at Christmas again Without bringing feudal abuse in its train, Or exhuming the bones of baronial rule To jar on the nerves of our Radical school. For kitcheners, stoves, and such other monstrosities, Yule-logs have banished, and mark what a loss it is! Christmas, we know, is a family feast, Where gather our children from biggest to least, But the grate of the period's really too small, If the party be large, to illumine it all. A faggot of chips might result in a blaze Sufficient for these indiscriminate days, And evoking, perchance, quite a chorus of praise; But, unless it were massive, and heavy, and thick, I should give it, I fear, a contemptuous kick, For I never could rise to the "Yule-log-a-stick."

A Most Awful Business.

I LOVE her deeply and devotedly. Or is it devotedly and deeply? What matters? We are all-in-all to one another. We live but for our love. The occupation by which I gain my bread becomes daily more distasteful to me. I madly plunge at my hat and coat the moment the hour of release arrives.

I can hardly be passively civil to my employer. Happily, though, as yet I have not struck him.

It is the same with my Matilda, so she tells me. She counts the long leaden, weary hours that we perforce must spend apart.

She says her work, too, is hateful to her. She says, though, that it is not only for herself she has to work, but for her mother, an invalid, for whom the doctor has prescribed a warmer climate.

My Matilda is a postmistress, but her mother's board and lodging in the warmer climate are dreadful drags upon the poor girl. "Courage! courage!" I cry, "what is enough for one is enough for two." Stay—will it be enough for three also? I had not thought of this before.

My employer and I have exchanged words. Nay, blows also have passed between us, and kicks. It matters not now who got them. I am without employment. The world is before me, and the newspapers are full of advertisements, but there does not seem to be any special demand for my services. At present my only means of support are what Matilda can lend me, after providing for her mother. It seems what was not enough for one has now to do for three.

I can't see anything in the papers that will at all suit me. What I want, it appears to me, is more change of air than anything else. I mention this to Matilda, and she weeps. I must say Matilda has not got the cheerfulness of tempers.

At the nick of time I fell across some long-lost relatives. They have saved me. I am to have a long rest at their expense. I am to have change of air—a warmer climate. I am now at Nice, basking in the sunshine. It is a delightful place; such enjoyment, and such complete and blissful idleness. I have met a rich English widow, a most charming woman.

After all, it will be very absurd of Matilda if she takes it to heart. Matilda's salary is not large enough. And as for me, I really, positively cannot work. I feel I cannot, and all efforts are useless. Wedded to the widow, why need I?

I am an idiot! How could I have allowed myself to be taken in by what she said? I ought to have made sure. Why, the wretched old impostor lives but on the charity of her daughter. Just as Matilda's mother—

Merciful goodness! What was Matilda's mother's name? Not Matilda's, I know, for she took a second husband. Is it possible I have— Yes, I have married Matilda's mother!

The Esquimaux.

THE Esquimaux glides over the snow
In his water-tight shoes of walrus hide;
And at night lies snug in his reindeer rug,
With his favourite puppy asleep by his side;
And the polar bear may sneak from his lair,
And prowl round the hut on the star-lit waste;
For his trusty spear to his hand is near,
And the grease of the visitor's much to his taste.

But the poor Cocknee! unhappy is he—
For he curseth his shoe-leather—upper and sole—
As the freezing slush comes in with a rush,
And he searcheth in vain for the secret hole;
And the sight of a cur his blood doth stir,
For he dreads hydrophobia (terrible bite);
And the gas-lamp's bluish, he is apt to think,
As he lies in his bed, is the burglar's light;
And he dreams of an icicle hung to his toe,
And waking, he envies the Esquimaux.

A Twelfth Night Story.

BOODLE was a widow, and had long set her cap at old Dr. Spiphkins, who was an irascible old gentleman with a bald head and a red nose; but the doctor hung fire, and the widow was bewildered by another old gentleman who wore blue spectacles and a wig, but never declared himself. The widow, between these two "eligibles," was like the proverbial donkey. So she determined to bring one or the other up to the scratch by means of a motto she had placed inside a bouillon cracker, which she determined should be pulled by the worthy old gentleman at a party Mrs. Boodle was giving on Twelfth Night. The evening came, and so did the party, or rather the "parties," for there were several of them, amongst them being the widow's victims. During the evening the widow offered the crackers round, carefully reserving the prepared one for the doctor and the professor, which they pulled; but horror! instead of the amorous verse which was to bring the male creatures to their knees at the feet of the lovely widow, there rolled out a box of blue pills. The widow fainted, the doctor swore and bounced out of the room, the professor scratched his wig, and could make nothing of it. All was consternation and affright where love and joy should have reigned. But matters were not so bad after all—though it was unkind of Master Frank Boodle to change the verse for the pill. Wiping the widow's tears away with his wig, the professor declared himself, and Mrs. Boodle, thanks to the blue pill, is now Mrs. Professor Timpani.

The moral to this, I take it, is, when you have a pill to swallow, make one gulp and down with it. Some people prefer powders to pills, but that is a clumsy way of taking medicine. The wise man chooses pills, but he who chews his pill is not wise.

Pootsie's Christmas.

"ONCE again," as Ma says, "'tis merry Christmas time," and poor, dear, unfortunate Pa, in spite of wind, weather, and worry, rates, taxes, brokers, and chuckers is still alive, alive, alive O! though Ma says he is no longer the man he was, and never will be again. Ma attributes this to anxiety as to the future of that boy Alexandry, who does not seem to be growing up in the right path, and in some measure to the lengthened nature of my betrothal, which has now really been going on some time.

The same notion appears to prevail in the minds of Tottie Goodenough's ma, and also in that of the ma of Lady Longsox, and they and my Ma have, at a winkle tea, arranged at the conclusion that Bob, Billy, and Snook shall not only be requested to name a day, but to stick to the same then named; though poor, dear, careful, considerate Pa has just moved, as an amendment, that the question of Christmas dinner, if Bob is, as usual, to provide it, be amicably settled, and the things got into the house previous to other topics being discussed; and Poor Pa has his gloves on, and the family carpet bag and two large fish baskets ready by his side, so as to be all ready to go marketing at any moment. The only thing Bob has now got to do is to put in an appearance.

I find Poor Pa thus when I come home an hour later; at least, he has taken his hat off, because it makes his head ache, but retains his gloves, and is in the act of clutching the family carpet bag when I arrive, with a determined expression of countenance, I having omitted to tap with my knuckles, and he thinking mine was Bob's knock. I also find the other mas arranged in a row.

It is an hour later, and Poor Pa has taken off his gloves. The other mas, too, having exhausted the bread and butter and winkles, wear a worn look. Poor Pa has just got up and taken a black bottle out of



A staircase flirtation.

the cupboard, and held it up against the light, and when Pa presently realised the fact that the bottle is empty, their countenances assume an expression of stony despair.

Another half hour passes, and Poor Pa, seemingly arriving at a resolution, puts on his hat and sallies forth. More time passes, and the other mas, having given up staring at the bottle as a bad job, rise and shake out their dress-improvers, and say they think it is time to go when a knock comes at the door. Is it Bob at last?

It turns out, however, not to be Bob. On the contrary it is Mr. McGooseley and Mr. McNab, the latter with a large parcel. The other mas eye the same with a hungry look, and watch Mr. McGooseley slowly produce a brown paper package from his pocket with wistful attention. When he simply says, "Boots I've been having half sold," and puts them into his hat, the other mas are evidently much shaken, and their gaze reverts to McNab's luggage. McNab explains. It's the bagpipes. He thought they might be wanted to-morrow, so he brought them round. The other mas sit down again with a groan.

More time elapses. Another knock. Aunt Higgins, Evelyn, and William have dropped in, and explain that as they were passing they thought they might as well. Uncle Boffin, also passing, has looked in, and Alexandry fetches him a kitchen chair. Pa returns, another kitchen chair is fetched.

At length Uncle Boffin remarks, "Our esteemed young friend, Bob, is, I trust, Miss Sloper, in the enjoyment of his ordinary robust health?"

Pa rises, and slowly lays the umbrella on the table before him. "If you allude to that paltry person, whom in a rash moment I permitted to aspire to the honour of my daughter's hand—"

"Tat, tat-tat! Bob, with a cab full of provisions!"

Festivities, on a wholly unprecedented scale of magnificence, are now in progress. We have dined sumptuously, and Bob has been forgiven. We have had dancing and blind man's buff, hunt the slipper, staircase flirtation, kissing under the mistletoe, and now the evening is winding up with Sir Roger de Coverley, the music by the family. Lardi, Tottie, and I are to be married on the first of January. Other mas weren't asked.



The giddy waltz.

AFFECTIONS OF
THROAT
SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES.
CHEST
SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES.
LUNGS

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE
WRITES:—"I have watched the effect of the Soden Waters for a considerable period, and regard them as extremely valuable in obstinate Catarrhal Affections of the Throat. The small amount of Iron which they contain renders them very useful in the early stages of Throat Consumption, and they do good in nearly all cases of relaxation of the mucous membrane. The Soden Mineral Pastilles offer a most convenient method of using the Waters, producing both a Local and General effect. They are especially beneficial in Catarrhal Diseases of the air passages. I frequently found them of great service in the case of Singers and Public Speakers."
At last the problem is solved through which all who suffer from Diseases of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs—
COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, SORE THROATS, WHOOPING COUGH, CATARRH, CONSUMPTION,
Will find instantaneous relief and speedy cure by taking the very popular medicine called the
SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES
Sold at 1s. 1½d. per box by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, or sent post-free for 15 stamps from the Soden Mineral Produce Company, 10 Dyer's Buildings, Holborn, London. NOTICE.—Each box bears facsimile signature of Dr. W. Stoelzling, Royal Sanitary Counsellor, under whose special supervision the Pastilles are prepared, and each lozenge has our trade mark impressed. None others are genuine.

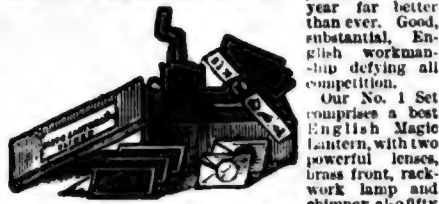
THE MARVELLOUS CLEANSER.
HYDROLEINE
SANITARY SOAP POWDER.

WHY IS IT?
that HYDROLEINE, the most recent Soap Powder offered to the Public, has obtained so much favour, and commanded such large sales? and also why is it that the Manufacturers have obtained the HIGHEST AWARD OF THE SANITARY INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN and the approval of the leading Medical Authorities, also the recommendation of the Medical Press and of the Chairman of the National Health Society (SUCH TESTIMONIALS AS CANNOT BE PRODUCED BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF THE OLDEST OR OF ANY OTHER SOAP POWDER OR EXTRACT OF SOAP)?
IT IS BECAUSE
HYDROLEINE is beyond all dispute the very best article of its class in the market, and defies competition. Once tried, the public will have it and no other. HYDROLEINE (Sanitary Soap Powder) is supplied in ½lb. packets by all Grocers and Oilmen.

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J. THEOBALD & CO.'S SPECIALITIES.

THEOBALD'S CELEBRATED RIJOU MAGIC LANTERNS AND SLIDES.
SPECIAL PRICES AND SPECIAL QUALITY.



This year far better than ever. Good, substantial, English workmanship defying all competition. Our No. 1 Set comprises a best English Magic Lantern, with two powerful lenses, brass front, rack-work lamp and chimney, also fifty splendid comic figures, three complete popular nursery tales, (making thirty-six more pictures), two comic slipping slides, two moving lever slides, two moving panorama slides, two slides for Chinese fireworks, one moving slide of man sawing rats, one good night slide, and one slide of Queen Victoria. The whole lot, Lantern and Ninety-five Pictures, forming a most superb collection for any youngster, complete in box for 10s. 6d., gives a 3-foot diameter picture.
No. 2 Set. Large Lantern and longer Slides (same assortment), gives a 4-foot picture, 14s. 6d.
No. 3 Set. Same assortment, gives a 5-foot picture and has a spring arrangement for holding slides fast, preventing any chance of breakage, strongly recommended, suitable for special present, 21s.
No. 4 Set. Larger still; 6-foot pictures, 33s.
No. 5 Set. 7-foot pictures, 50s. Larger Sets, 52s., 75s., and 85s. Special Magic Lantern Catalogue, 3d.
Specially Prepared Chemical Oil, giving superb light, 9d., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. per bottle.
Every order for a Lantern Set that is accompanied by a Coupon, will receive a Free Prize Certificate entitling to a chance of obtaining one of the 2,000 Prizes amounting to £200 that we are giving away as Christmas Boxes.

"ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS" COUPON.
Entitles holder to Free Prize Certificate when purchasing Lantern Set.
(Signed) J. THEOBALD AND COMPANY.



THE GREAT ELECTRIC FUSEE CASE. Silver-plated; capital joke; gives sharp electric shock to anyone trying to open it; post-free 1s. 8d. Wonderful Secret Puzzle Purse, 1s. 2d. Puzzle Snuff Box, 1s. 2d. Magician's Cabinet of ten good tricks, 1s. 3d. Magic Cigar Case, cigars all vanish when opened by a friend, 1s. 2d.; better quality, 2s. 2d. and 3s. 3d. Magic Whistle, covers the face with flour, 1s. 3d. Pack of Conjuror Cards, 1s. 2d.

THE MAGIC DEMON BOTTLE. A little black bottle that cannot be made to lie down except for its owner. Post-free, 8d.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN LOCOMOTIVE.—A real working Steam Locomotive; a marvel of ingenuity. Strong Metal Boiler, Steam Tap, Safety Valve, Oscillating Cylinder, four strong Wheels and Furnace complete, carriage, free 3s. Larger and better make, with two Cylinders and Brass Wheels, 7s. 6d.; or with Whistle 8s. 6d. Entirely in Brass, very beautiful and strong, fitted also with Water Tap and Whistle, 12s. 6d.; or Six Wheel ditto, 21s.

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CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS. With £200 Worth of CHRISTMAS BOXES. We have bought nearly two million Cards of the very best design and quality, and our Packets will be found to contain the most extraordinary value and variety ever offered. All last year's customers were more than satisfied; but these Packets of last year are simply nowhere in comparison to what we now offer.

THE KENSINGTON 2s. 6d. PACKET OF CARDS contain two 6d. Cards, three 4d., four 3d., four 2d. Cards, ten magnificent Cards in Gold and Colours, six Cards with Gold and Silver Border, twelve Cards with embossed or other Flowers, &c., and 50 ordinary Cards. It is impossible to describe what these all are, as the variety is practically endless and made to suit everyone, comprising Sacred Cards, Secular Cards, Comic Cards, Cards with Animals, Flowers, Fruit; Cards illustrating City Life, Country Life, Winter Scenes, Sea Views, Landscapes; Cards with Children, grown-up people, all in magnificent colours and finished in the highest style of art, making a total of 81 Cards. Also, besides this, in each Packet are 20 pretty Coloured Engravings, likewise with Christmas and New Year's Greetings. The entire lot, carriage free, 2s. 6d. (abroad 1s. extra); and in every Packet a Prize Certificate, which entitles the holder to a chance of obtaining one of the 2,000 handsome Prizes, up to £5 in value, which we are giving away as Christmas Boxes to our Customers. Purchasers of two Packets receive two Certificate, and also, in addition, gratis, a handsome Crocodile Leatherette Writing Case. To ensure Certificate, cut out and send Coupon with order.

"ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS" COUPON.
Entitles holder to Free Certificate with every 2s. 6d. Packet of Christmas Cards.
(Signed) J. THEOBALD AND COMPANY.

A Packet of 50 good Christmas and New Year's Cards, post-free 1s. 1d., but no Certificate; or 100 smaller Cards for 1s. 1d.

CLOCKWORK MICE. Best quality. Real watchmaker's springs. When wound up run all about a room or table causing great fun; post-free, 1s. 2d. Hats, 1s. 8d.; Cats, Dogs, Lions, Tigers, Ducks, Swans, Horses, 1s. 2d.; Peacocks and Horse and Cart, 1s. 8d.; Water Cart, Hansom Cab, and Tram Cars, 2s. 9d.; Dolls, 1s. 2d., 2s. 9d., and 3s. 6d.; all post-free, and all to wind up and run about.

CLOCKWORK TRAINS. Engine, Tender, and two Carriages. Very strong, best make, post-free 2s.; larger sizes, 3s. 6d., 5s., and 7s. 6d. Engine and Tender only, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. Clockwork Trains running on circular lines, all made to take to pieces, 8s. 6d.; or with Tunnel and Station, with working Signals, Signalmen, and Passengers, 12s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 22s., and 30s.

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SPECIAL



MESSAGE.

From **THOS. BEECHAM,**
PROPRIETOR OF
THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

To the Readers of
"ALLY SLOPER'S XMAS NUMBER,"
Everywhere.

I	wish	you	Merry	Christmas,
with	immunity	from	ills;	but
should	good	cheer	upset	your
liver,	take	some	BEECHAM'S	PILLS.
WORTH	A	GUINEA	A	BOX.



A SUGGESTION.—Why not have female clowns for the Christmas carolers? A pretty clown, with her favourite masher as ring-master, would be very choice.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.
Lord Turgem (who has been festive seasoning with a vengeance). Scoundrelah (hic), I wish alit thy sword (hic) wish mysh good weassen! [Is forcibly dragged off.]



TIME FLIES.
But I say, old chap, you need not go, à la Mascotte, at such a pace. Slow down a little and enjoy yourself during the festive season, at any rate.

BOODLEBY AND HIS CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

TOLD IN THREE CANTOS AND TWO FLIGHTS.



1. "You're a-looking at them birds, gents? And beauties they are, too! Can't I persuade you to have a couple for Christmas Day?" said the woman. "They are fine geese," said Boodleby. "Ah!" sighed Stingmann, his German friend. "What do you say, Stingmann, to buying one between us?" asked Boodleby. At first Stingmann didn't see it, but was persuaded.



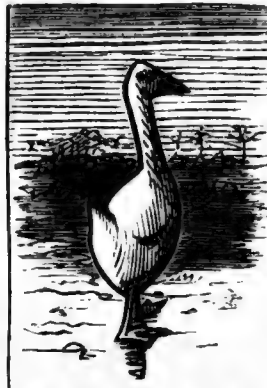
2. So it was agreed that they should have one alive, keep him in the old rabbit hutch, feed him up well till the day, and then just simply cook him and eat him. But fearing he might be stolen some night, like one of Boodleby's was once, they resolved to keep watch and ward.



3. The morning of the 21st came at last. Now, Stingmann, said Boodleby, "you just open the hutch door, I'll seize his head, and then—!" Here Boodleby gave a scientific flourish with the carving-knife.



4. Gracious! good gracious! In a moment the bird darted out, made a savage grab at the legs of Stingmann, expanded its wings, and disappeared with a hiss—over the garden wall.



5. The shades of night were falling fast, as a solitary goose made its way over a bleak moorland, many miles from the homes of Boodleby and Stingmann.



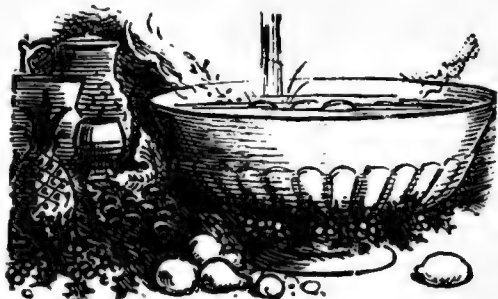
SWEET FAMILIAR FACES.
Some ingredients for our annual side-splitters, and guaranteed to be as popular as ever during the holidays.



HAIL!—OH, MIGHTY ALE!
A liquid that ought to be served out free, gratis, and for nothing, at all the theatres on Boxing Night, to warm the heart and soul.



Poppeth (who has just finished two bottles of whisky). Spirit, or whatever you are, depart (hic) at onsh, or (hic) I may be tempted to send you after the other spirits.



THE WASSAIL BOWL.
Sweet beverage. It gives us joy,
It makes us happy, gay, and free,
It helps to all our pains alloy,
And makes us feel we're on the spree.

THE REAL, RIGHT, GOOD OLD-FASHIONED SORT ONCE AGAIN.



And there wasn't one of them before they started had not laughed to scorn your sickening Molly Coddies, who complained of cold and rheumatism, and all that sort of nonsense. (Crutches fit & five.)

TOOTSIE SLOPER'S POLKA.

As played for the first time by the SLOPER ORCHESTRA, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1887.

Composed expressly for ALLY SLOPER by A. GWYLLYM CROWE, Author of the celebrated "See-Saw" Waltz.

(ENT. STA. HALL.)

PIANO. *p*

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of seven systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes accents. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic, a piano (*p*) dynamic, and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fifth system includes accents. The sixth system is marked '8va' and includes accents. The seventh system is also marked '8va' and includes a 'to Finale.' instruction. The score is written for piano, with the left hand playing chords and the right hand playing a melodic line.

[For continuation see last page of this Supplement.]

GRATIS PLATE.

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HO



BARON ALLY SLOPER, Esq., M.P., F.O.M, etc.
SNATCHER.

LARDI LONGSOX.
COUSIN EVELINA.
TABITHA.

TOTTIE GOODENOUGH.
TOOTSIE SLOPER.

MRS. SLOPER.
MASTER JUBILEE SLOPER.
Mr. MCGOOSELEY.

THE EL

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT MIL

See "Tootsie Sloper's Polka" on back of this picture, composed by A. GWILLYM CROWE, author of the celebrated "SEE-SAW" WALTZ. See also the article on page



H. MRS. SLOPER. THE HON. BILLY. IKY MOSES. TODDLES.
MASTER JUBILEE SLOPER. HIS GRACE THE DOOK SNOOK, K.G. LORD BOB. ALEXANDRY. BILL HIGGINS.
Mr. McGOOSELEY. THE ELDER, Mr. McNAB. UNCLE BOFFIN.

LEY AT MILDEW COURT.

The celebrated "SEE-SAW" WALTZ. See also the article on page 14, communicated by Miss TOOTSIE SLOPER.

TOOTSIE SLOPER'S POLKA.

TRIO.

p

ff

8va

p

3

1st time.

2nd time.

Dal Segno.

FINALE.

ff accel. al fine.

8va.

Ped.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of eight systems of music. The first system is marked 'TRIO.' and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system ends with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The third system includes an octave marking '8va'. The fourth system features a triplet of eighth notes. The fifth system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a triplet of eighth notes. The sixth system contains two first endings, labeled '1st time.' and '2nd time.', with the instruction 'Dal Segno.' below the second ending. The seventh system is marked 'FINALE.' and begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic and the instruction 'accel. al fine.'. The eighth system includes an octave marking '8va.' and a pedal point instruction 'Ped.' at the end.

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Every copy of "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS" contains one of these forms, and it is earnestly hoped that our readers, young and old, will contribute something, and get their friends to contribute also, to

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